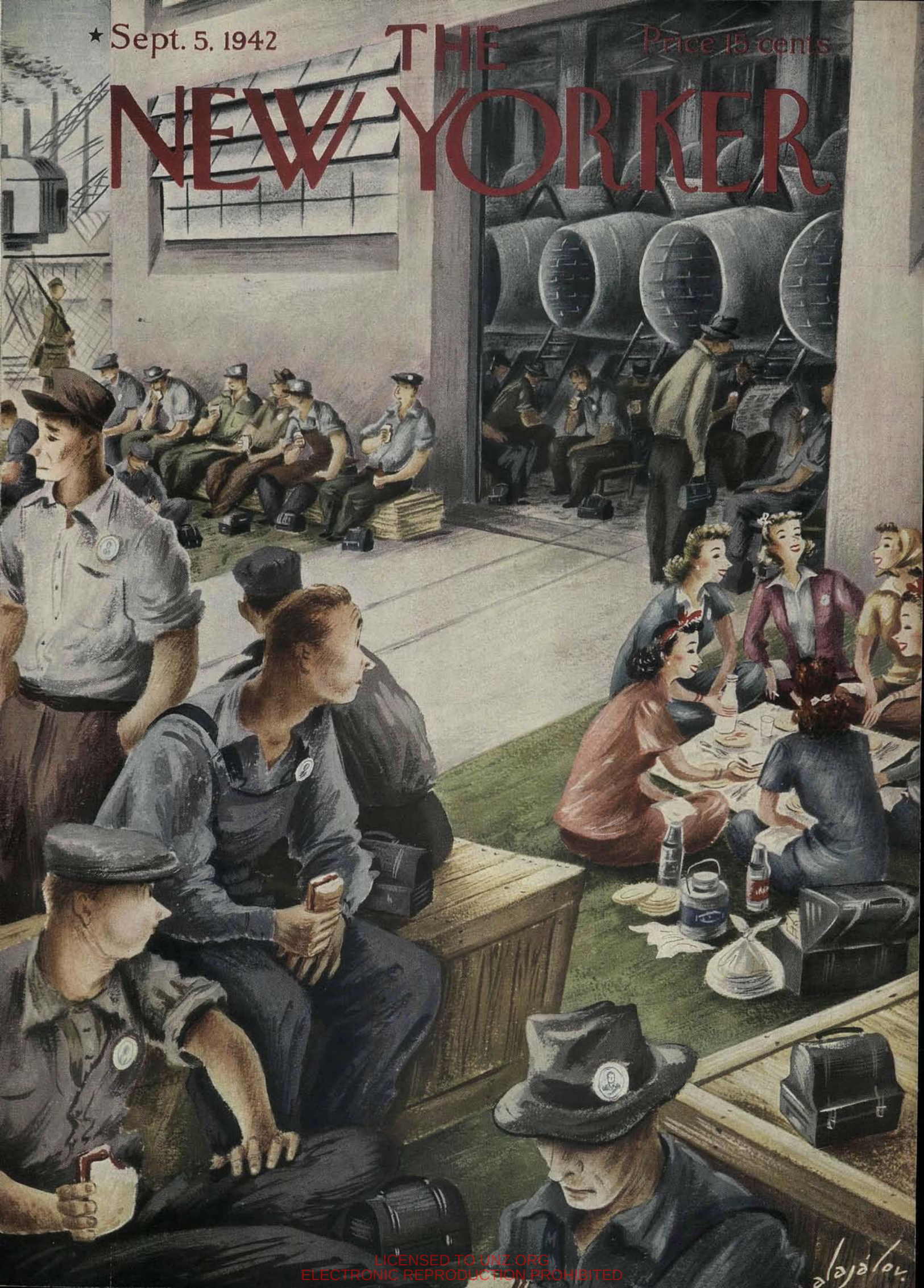


★ Sept. 5, 1942

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THE NEW YORKER



2/29/04

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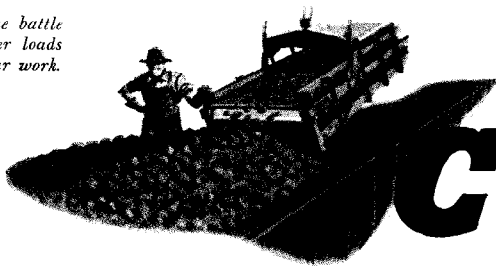


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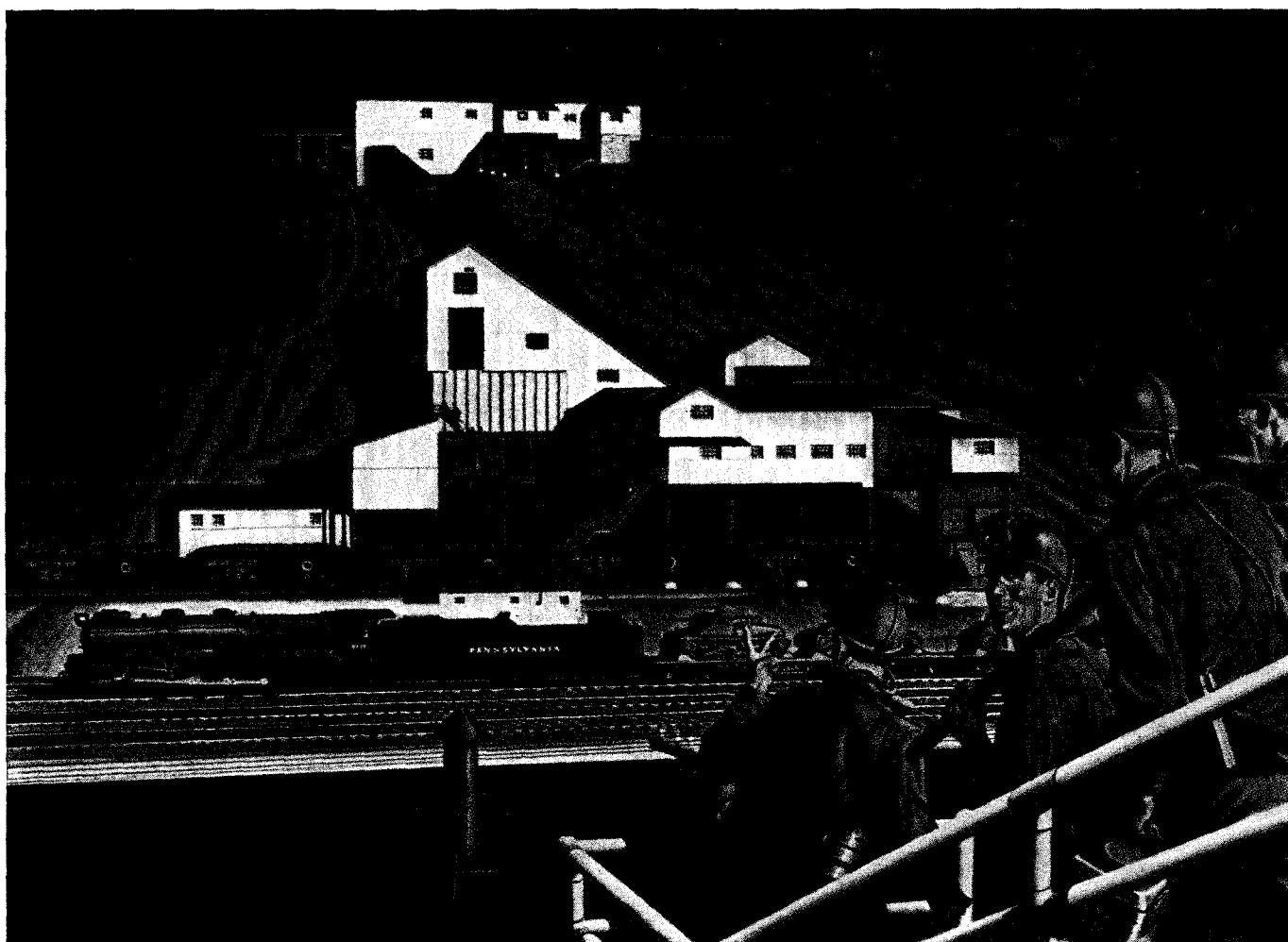
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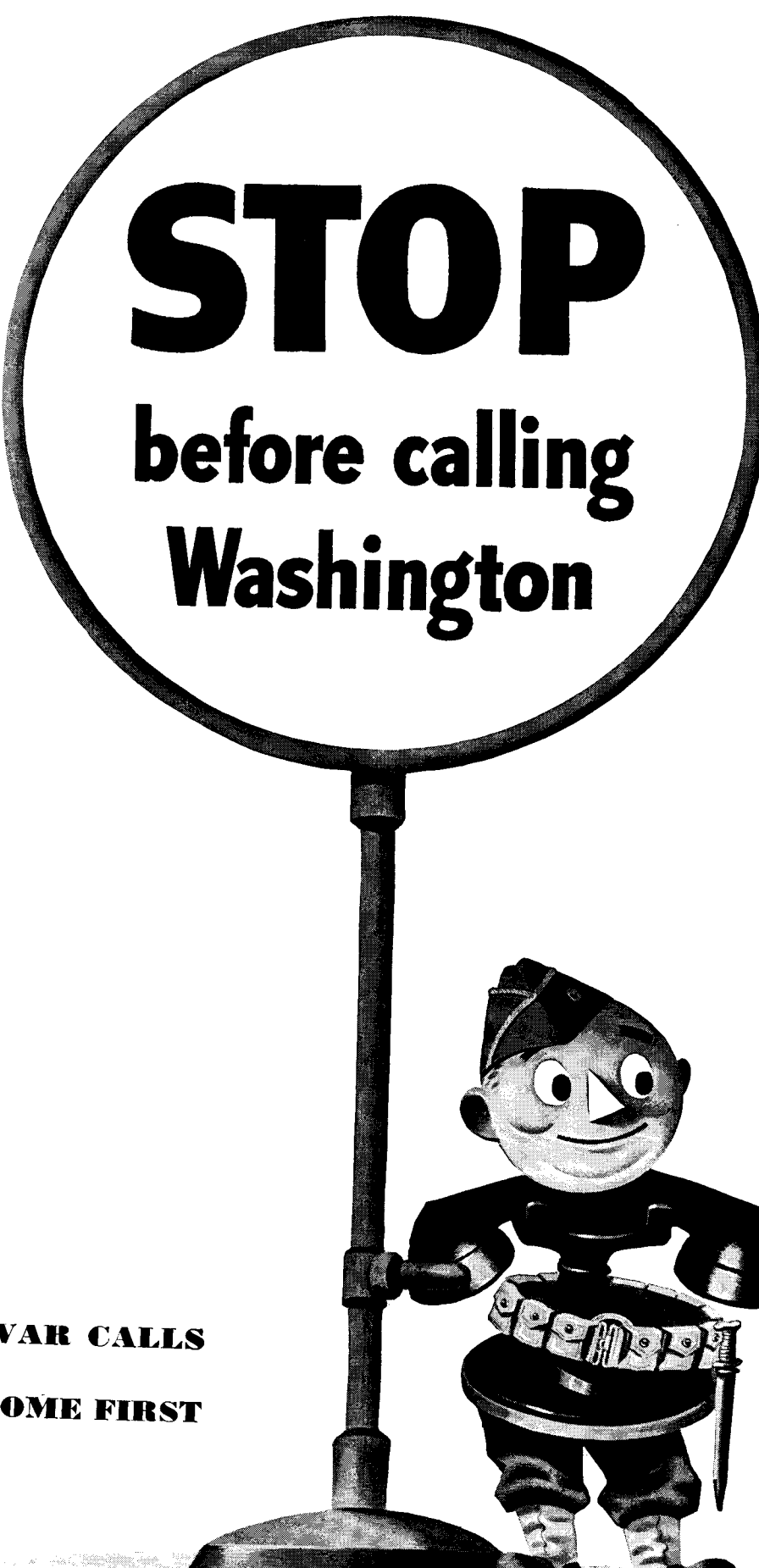
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, regular matinee schedules will be revised in some instances to take advantage of expected Labor Day business. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Sept. 9, and Sat.; special Mat. Labor Day.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. This Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Laura Hope Crews, Effie Shannon, and Erich von Stroheim, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for last season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CLAUDIA—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter, Beverly Bayne, and Robert Shayne. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Labor Day.)

JUNIOR MISS—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. Among the adults are Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and turned them into one of the most agreeable comedies you're likely to see. Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish are filling in as Father and Mother while Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are on vacation. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Labor Day.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Sept. 9, and Sat.; special Mat. Labor Day.)

UNCLE HARRY—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

BY JUPITER—Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this musical version of "The Warrior's Husband." One of the pleasantest events of this season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Sept. 9, and Sat.; special Mat. Labor Day.)

LET'S FACE IT!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3,
THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

their escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Carol Goodner and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Sept. 9, and Sat.; special Mat. Labor Day.)

PORGY AND BESS—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Most of the original cast, including Todd Duncan and Georgette Harvey, are in this superb revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Sept. 9, and Sat.; special Mat. Labor Day.)

PRIORITIES OF 1942—A vaudeville show that should appeal to the old enthusiasts, with Willie Howard, Phil Baker, Paul Draper, and Walter O'Keefe. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30. Closes Sun., Sept. 6.)

SONS O' FUN—This blood brother to "Hell-a-Poppin'" cost more, but it is just as strange. The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm contains Frank Libuse and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Labor Day.)

STAR AND GARTER—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Irving Berlin's music and a fine all-military cast provide one of the nicest evenings (or afternoons) you ever spent. Ezra Stone, Julie Oshins, and Philip Truex are a few of the actors. An Army Emergency Relief Fund benefit. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Labor Day.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

I KILLED THE COUNT—A mystery play by Alec Coppel, with Doris Dalton and Clarence Derwent. Produced by Frank Carrington and Agnes Morgan. Opens Thurs., Sept. 3. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

JANIE—A comedy by Josephine Benthall and Herschel V. Williams, based on Miss Benthall's novel of the same name, with Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. Staged by Antoinette Perry and produced by Brock Pemberton. Opens Wed., Sept. 9. (Henry

Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

STARS ON ICE—An ice show, with a cast which includes a number of the performers who appeared in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mats. Thurs., Sept. 3, and Labor Day, at 2:40.)

ICE-CAPADES—Chester Hale is in charge of the production, in which there'll be about a hundred skaters. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30, beginning Fri., Sept. 4. Mats. 2:30, Sun. No performance Thurs., Sept. 10.)

THE NEW MOON—Ruby Mercer, Wilbur Evans, and Teddy Hart in a revival of the Romberg-Hammerstein operetta. Produced by Joseph S. Tushinsky. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and 3, Sun. Closes Sun., Sept. 6.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Patience," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Sept. 3, 5, and 6, and 10, 12, and 13, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Alexander Haas's orchestra plays for dinner dancing and will be replaced on Tues., Sept. 8, by Jules Lande's, which will play both at dinner and supper.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Fountain Room has an ice show headed by Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Closed Sat. through Mon., Sept. 5-7.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry's summer place, which doesn't really depend much on the weather, offers music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—In the Café Pierre, you'll find Stanley Melba's orchestra playing for dancing from teatime on.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The show in this skyscraping aerie includes puppets and an acrobatic dancer. The music is by Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's dancing on the Viennese Roof to the music of Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Renée De Marco is dancing in the Café Lounge. Music by Roy Ross's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Charles Baum's orchestra and the Terry Sisters' rumba band. Ted Steele's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Maximilian Bergere's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof isn't really out of doors, but then you can't find blue stars out of doors. Xavier Cugat and his orchestra provide the music and, at supper, there's a show. Mischa Borr and his orchestra are around, too, at the supper hour.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	49
THE CURRENT CINEMA	43
LETTER FROM LONDON	30
NOTES ON SPORTS	32
THE RACE TRACK	46

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LA VIE PARISIENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Yvonne Bouvier and a small show. . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays the piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . **TONY'S**, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here, too, as well as piano-playing by Cy Walter. . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 63 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott and, through Sat., Sept. 5, Joe Sullivan's trio. Eddie South's band will be replaced by Teddy Wilson's on Mon., Sept. 7. . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra. . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra. . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra will be replaced for a week by Carl Hoff's on Fri., Sept. 4; the ice show will stay on. . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the dimmed-out waterfront is fine. Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter (through Sun., Sept. 6) and others. . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): scheduled to reopen on Thurs., Sept. 3, with Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a condensed version of "Of V We Sing" that includes Jack Gilford and other members of the Broadway cast. . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind; Joe Frisco is around, too. . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, headed by Harriet Hootor and W. C. Handy.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the Revuers are there, and so are Ammons and Johnson, as well as Lee and Lester Young's orchestra. . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his band play in this downtown place. . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's Walter Fuller's band. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

AL-Fresco—At the **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing. . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900): lunch and tea are served in the garden.

ART

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS—Oils by Cranach, Fragonard, Feininger, Derain, Vlaininck, and others, from the sixteenth century to the present: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Sept. 5, and Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 26.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kway—Comprehensive exhibit of masks, carvings, textiles, etc., from various South Pacific islands. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; Labor Day 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 20.

FRENCH—Oils by Courbet, Monet, Manet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Mon., except Labor Day, through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

GROUPS—At the **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: oils, gouaches, and drawings by Benelmans, Owens, and others. Mon., except Labor Day, through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: paintings, sculptures, and water colors, by Peirce, Bishop, Cadmus, Harkavy, and other members of the gallery's group. Mon., except Labor Day, through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 11. . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings by contemporary American, French, and Mexican artists. Weekdays, except Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 19. . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: war posters and paintings by Benton, Curry, Bohrod, and others. Weekdays, except Sat., Sept. 5, and Labor Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Special exhibits: drawings, mostly in color, done by the Index of American Design, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection (through Sept. 15); posters of the eighteen-nineties, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30); water colors of American scenes by Paul Petrovich Svinin, an early-nineteenth-century Russian artist (through Nov. 15). Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. . . The Museum has opened the residence of its former president, the late George Blumenthal, at 50 E. 70, as a temporary branch, with the building's Spanish patio and part of the Museum's collection of arms and armor on view. Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Afts., from 1 to 5; through Oct. 17.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and at least twenty other abstract artists. Mon., except Labor Day, through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through Sept. 18.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Recent acquisitions, in several media, by Léger, Picasso, Ernst, Hartley, and several more of the modern Europeans and Americans; also, a loan show of works by van Gogh, Matisse, and Gauguin, among others. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 20.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A fifth-anniversary showing which includes works by Balcomb Greene, I. Rice Pereira,

and Alexander Calder. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

HERE AND THERE—At the **KOHN**, 608 5 Ave., at 49: non-objective paintings by John Sennhauser. Mon., except Labor Day, through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 11. . .

COORDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES, 451 Madison, at 50: sculptures by Malvina Hoffman. Tues. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Labor Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 18.

NOTE—An outdoor showing of paintings and sketches by men in the services will be on view in front of the National Catholic Community Service Center, 17 E. 51, daily from 2 to 6 P.M., through Labor Day.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Mon. Aft., Sept. 7 (doubleheader), at 1:30. . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Sat. Aft., Sept. 5, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Sept. 6 (doubleheader), at 2:05; Giants vs. St. Louis, Wed. Aft., Sept. 9, at 3; Giants vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., Sept. 11, at 3. . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Tues. Aft., Sept. 8, at 3; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 10, at 3; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri. Aft., Sept. 11, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Sept. 12, at 2:30.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Freddie Cochrane vs. Fritz Zivic, welterweights, 10 rounds, Thurs., Sept. 10; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.; a U.S.O. benefit.

DOG SHOWS—Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, Sat., Sept. 5, at 10 A.M.; a Dogs for Defense benefit. . . Westchester Kennel Club, Rye, Sun., Sept. 6, at 10 A.M.; a Navy Relief Society benefit. . . Danbury, Conn., Mon., Sept. 7, at 10 A.M.

FOOTBALL—All-Army vs. Giants, Polo Grounds, Sat. Aft., Sept. 12, at 3; a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief and Tribune Fresh Air Funds.

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show Association, Warrenton, Va., Sat. and Mon., Sept. 5 and 7, at 9 A.M. . . Joint exhibition for war relief and local charities by the Glen Head, Helping Hand, and Brookville Charity Shows, Brookville, L.I., Sun., Sept. 6, at 9 A.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:45 P.M., through Sept. 10. (The Aqueduct Handicap, Sept. 7; the Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 12.) Trains will leave Penn Station on Sat. and Labor Day at 11:44 A.M. and 1:08 P.M., and on other weekdays at 11:44 A.M. and 12:44 P.M.

TENNIS—National Championships, singles and doubles, an A.W.V.S. benefit: West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, daily through Mon., Sept. 7, at 1 P.M.

TROTting—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Sat. and Labor Day at 2:25 P.M. and other weekdays at 6:30 P.M.; through Sept. 19. Trains to Westbury will leave Penn Station on Sat. at 12:57 and 1:14 P.M., on Labor Day at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and on other weekdays at 4:51 and 5:17 P.M.

YACHTING—Atlantic Coast Championship final, Star Class, Bay Shore Y.C., Great South Bay, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 3, at 1. . . Manhasset Bay Race Week, Wed. through Sat., Sept. 9-12. . . Championship races on the Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Sun. Aft., Sept. 6, at 1.

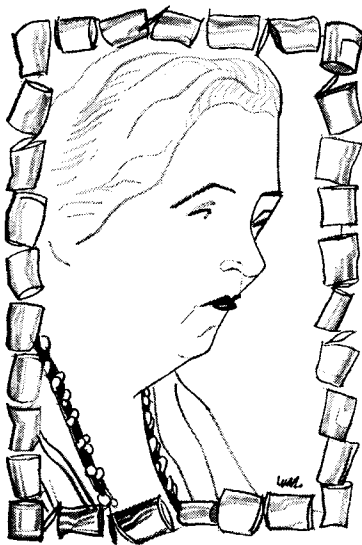
OTHER EVENTS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Speaking to the nation over all major networks, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 3, at 12:30, and Mon. Eve., Sept. 7, at 9:30.

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the use of camouflage in civilian defense (through Sept. 13); also, a collection of photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war (through Oct. 4). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day, 1 to 7 P.M. . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 49: films and exhibits touching on home defense, along with many other aspects of warfare. A Messerschmitt and a Heinkel, shot down over England, and a German bomb sight have been added. Daily, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION—Winning designs in the Fine Arts Federation's competition for plans to reconstruct Battery Park and preserve the Aquarium: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

PLANETARIUM—"Autumn Skies" is the topic of the September lecture and demonstration at

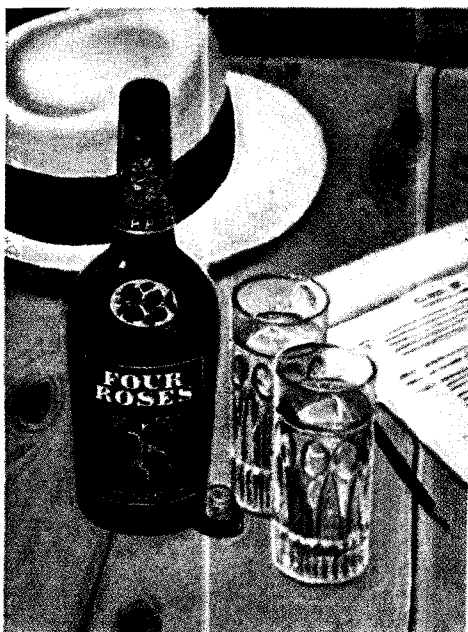


MRS. GUY PERCY TRULOCK,

chairlady of the Tin Can Salvage Committee, working under the local division of the WPB, is a Wagnerian soprano—not that it matters in wartime. She's married to a stockbroker and is an inveterate clubwoman. For the past year and a half she has been president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs; one day she spoke at three luncheons, eating at each.



How to improve Scene 2 or any summer scene



DIRECTOR: Bob . . . it's the best play you've written! But I've got a suggestion for improving Scene 2.

PLAYWRIGHT: O.K., Dick. Speak up.

DIRECTOR: Well, the action takes place on a warm summer day, and the leading man is pouring himself a whiskey-and-soda.

PLAYWRIGHT: Sure—why not?

DIRECTOR: You could lift this scene out of the ordinary if you had him pouring a Four-Roses-and-soda instead of just a whiskey-and-soda.

PLAYWRIGHT: Ah! . . . the loyal Four Roses enthusiast speaks! Let's see. Suppose we make the script read: *Brewster comes upstage. He observes the bucket of ice cubes . . . the soda. Then his eyes light up with eager anticipation as he recognizes the bottle of*

whiskey, for he knows what magnificent whiskey today's Four Roses is . . .

DIRECTOR: Yes, go on . . .

PLAYWRIGHT: . . . *he grasps the bottle of Four Roses, searching his mind for adjectives to describe its incredibly soft and velvety smoothness . . .*

DIRECTOR: Bravo! I see you, too, know the matchless quality of today's Four Roses. And here comes some of that selfsame whiskey! Let's toast the success of your new play with that finest of summer drinks—a Four-Roses-and-soda!



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!**

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



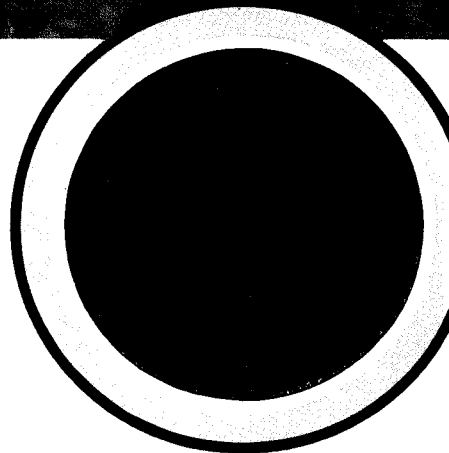
"Boy, That's Tobacco!" Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

... and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

FABRIC EXHIBITION—A collection of textiles, with some costumes, showing how grass and tree fibres have been made into cloth in various parts of the world: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays, except Sat., Sept. 5, and Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 29.

ON THE AIR—Tennis: National Championships, singles and doubles, at Forest Hills, over W.E.A.F.; Sat., Sept. 5, at 1, 3:15, and 5 P.M.; Sun., Sept. 6, at 2:15, 3, and 5 P.M.; and Mon., Sept. 7, at 3, 4, and 5:45 P.M.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Cecil Brown, Sun. Aft., Sept. 6, at 5:45. W.A.B.C.: Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 6. W.A.B.C.: Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30. W.I.N.S.: Alexander P. de Seversky, Sat. Eves. at 7:45. W.E.A.F.: Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. and Thurs. Eves. at 10. W.O.R.: News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45. W.I.N.S.: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8. W.A.B.C.: Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15. W.E.A.F.: and Sun. at 12 noon, W.J.Z.

MOTION PICTURES

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—A moving picture that keeps moving, with spies and counter-spies, a few of whom are Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Strand, B'way at 47; opening Fri., Sept. 4.)

BAMBI—Walt Disney's interpretation of Felix Salten's interpretation of a deer. Pretty, though not very deep. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Sept. 9.... R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 4-10.)

CROSSROADS—A non-topical but lively melodrama about blackmail in the French diplomatic service, with William Powell, Hedy Lamarr, and Basil Rathbone. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Sept. 3.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 5.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Sept. 9-12.)

THE GOLD RUSH—Charlie Chaplin's old classic, refurbished under his own supervision with music and a spoken narrative, and all seeming fresh, like something turned out just this morning. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Sept. 5.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 5-8.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 6-8.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 8-9.)

HOLIDAY INN—Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire demonstrate their respective art forms in this light and often comic comedy. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

MRS. MINIVER—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a vast, prolonged story of England's ordeal under fire. Expert, stirring, and abundant in tears and drama. (State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., Sept. 6.)

MOSCOW STRIKES BACK—A film record of parts of the Russian counter-offensive of last winter, showing the military and climatic forces which had the Germans groggy. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

NAZI AGENT—Modest thriller, in which Conrad Veidt is twins and outwits himself. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Sept. 3.)

THE PIED PIPER—Monty Woolley leads a covey of children through invaded France, taking no nonsense from them or the Germans. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., Sept. 8.)

THE SPOILERS—A nice, substantial Western for such as appreciate the type. From Rex Beach's novel and with Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Randolph Scott, and quite a gang of old-timers. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 9-10.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—A successful combination of comedy and liberal thought, with Jean Arthur, Cary Grant, and Ronald Colman. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—James Cagney as George M. Cohan in some magnificent chapters, with music, from the great man's life. A grand musical, helped, too, by Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; nightly at 8:45; Mats. Sat., Sun., and Labor Day at 2:30 and 5:30, and other days at 2:45.)

REVIVALS

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 5-7.)

BLACKOUT (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 5-8.)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Sept. 6.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Comedy. Kern tunes. Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Sept. 6.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 4.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Dashiell Hammett's best-seller. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Sept. 3.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 6-8.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Sept. 4.)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (1941)—An R.A.F. raid on a German town. Semi-documentary. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Sept. 4.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., Sept. 4.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin music. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 4-5.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Wed., Sept. 6-9.... Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 8-10.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 9-11.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., SEPT. 3-4:** "Baboon" (1935), Martin Johnson travel film. **SAT. AND SUN., SEPT. 5-6:** "Swing Time" (1936), Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire. **MON. AND TUES., SEPT. 7-8:** "The Lower Depths" (1936), French, with Louis Jouvet and Jean Gabin. **WED. AND THURS., SEPT. 9-10:** "Fährmann Maria" (1936), German film. **FRI. AND SAT., SEPT. 11-12:** "The Texas Rangers" (1936), Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, and Jean Parker.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Residents of Manhattan who want to help out by taking one of the many thousands of emergency jobs now in need of filling should get in touch with this borough's Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which supervises much of the general volunteer work locally and also is in a position to help civilians sign up with the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, United Service Organizations, and other relatively specialized groups. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is

JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Right now the most urgent needs, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) women who, after a seven-week Red Cross course, will be willing to work at least one full day every week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (2) men deferred in or exempt from the draft to work one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (3) women to work five hours every other day in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (4) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens; (5) men and women to serve from eight to twenty hours a week as administrative and clerical assistants in the Departments of Health and Welfare in connection with social-service and evacuation work; (6) boys from sixteen to twenty-one, preferably with bicycles or skates, to be trained for emergency messenger duty.

The C.D.V.O. wants to register as many people as possible who can't volunteer on a set schedule but can be called upon from time to time for various short-notice emergency jobs.... Civilian fingerprinting stations also have work for men and women who can fill in only at odd hours.

SALVAGE—The big salvage drives at the moment are for kitchen fat, rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal.... Tin cans should be kept separate from other scrap metal. Remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press—don't hammer—them almost flat. Your building superintendent will probably agree to see that they get into the right hands; if not, pile them in paper boxes and place them on the sidewalk shortly before the weekly Wednesday collection.... Kitchen fat is wanted for the production of glycerine, which is used in the manufacture of munitions. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre in this campaign. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept.... The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-6669), will send a collector for rags (needed for wiping machinery), scrap metal, or rubber in lots of fifty pounds or more, and will advise you how to dispose of smaller amounts conveniently.

Reports from Washington indicate that there may soon be a call for old silk stockings, and the public has been asked to start saving them in anticipation of such an appeal. These can be used in making powder bags for the fleet's guns.

Old pianos, which have a high scrap-metal yield, are on the temporarily-not-wanted list. The Salvage Committee, whose facilities for dismantling them are limited, has more than it can handle at the moment, but will soon be asking for them again.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city. Most rural communities have some sort of defense agency in charge of running these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreation-room furniture, phonographs, phonograph records, radios, and athletic paraphernalia which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of men in the services.... Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, sizes 6 x 30 and 7 x 50, are wanted by the Navy on a loan basis. They should be taken to the U.S.O. booth at Penn Station or to Room 909 at 90 Church St.... The Navy also needs two-way ship-to-shore radio sets. If you have such a set, send a detailed description of it to Lieutenant Commander Wiley, Eastern Sea Frontier Command, 90 Church St., and his office will then get in touch with you.... The Army wants 125,000 medium-sized dogs from one to five years old to train for sentry duty. Owners willing to part with one or more should communicate with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 6-6471).





Town=turnabouts

here are two picturesque and completely "different" Altman-exclusive blouse and skirt set-ups. The snug-fitting blouse comes in black cotton velveteen or challis printed spun rayon with huge red rose. Ditto . . . the dirndl skirt. It's fun to own both set-ups so you can shuffle them about at will. Sizes 10 to 16. Skirt or blouse, **each 7.95.**

Altman skirts and blouses, third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



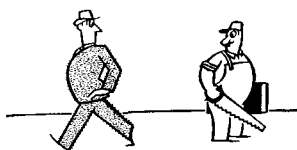
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON a recent weekend in New England we heard the Voice of Warning up close for the first time, the guest room we occupied being not more than fifty yards from the town's firehouse, where a brand-new air-raid siren had just been installed. During a practice blackout the thing shrieked convincingly, in the manner apparently general among air-raid sirens, and we were able to form an impression of the sound, aesthetically speaking. We don't care for it. It is our opinion that the air-raid sirens being used all over are either mournful or panicky in tone, that they lack originality, and that there is not enough difference between the warning (or "Holy cats!") and the all-clear (or "That's over"). It seems to us that this country could do better if it really put its mind to the problem. We don't know what sort of sound the warning should be exactly, but perhaps it should be based on the old-fashioned automobile horn; the horn, say, of a Winton that went "Ah-yoo-gah!" in a cheerful though peremptory manner. As for the all-clear, why not a kind of chuckle—Ed Wynn's "Kuh-huh-kuh-huh-kuh-huh"?

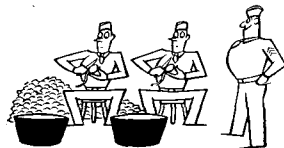
THE current exhibit of wood fabrics at the Museum of Costume Art is something you ought to see, if you're the kind of person who can't let wood alone. One fabric, for example, is made of redwood bark, wool, and shoddy. It looks like cloth, feels like cloth, and, for all we know, *is* cloth, although the wood in it clearly has a voting majority. What this material reminds us of, more than anything else, is the time we purchased, for a fantastic sum, a spun-glass tie. It was as smooth and delicate as silk, yet every time we wore it, until the day we threw it away, we never reached out to touch it in the morning without the absolute conviction that we were going to cut our finger to

the bone. We feel much the same way about wood cloth. It is probably a lovely idea, bold, progressive, and smart, but we'd never be able to wear it without suspecting that the stuff was going to



give us splinters, and we're afraid it's just not for us.

FEELING in general the way we do about public relations, we applaud the Army's new program of making but two public-relations officers bloom where there was a whole damn bevy before. It is hard to decide, however, whether the blame for the widespread idiocy of Army publicity photographs lies with the public-relations officers or with the newspaper editors, who, after all, publish a great deal of the stuff the public-relations officers turn out. Leafing through a random copy of the *Herald Tribune*, we find that, of two photographs which were obviously the products of Army public-relations officers, both were patently in the idiotic category; yet both were *printed*, mind you. One showed two Army chaps holding mops, and the caption informed the readers of the *Tribune* that "to save confusion for the mess sergeant, Paul,



left, and Hall Nix, twenty-year-old twins of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, are assigned to kitchen-police detail the same day at Camp Blanding, Florida." The other photograph showed an aircraft mechanic at work on an airplane motor at Randolph Field, Texas, and the sole reason for its publication seems to have been that the mechanic's name was Yank: "A

real Yank," the *Tribune* explained, "helps to 'keep 'em flying.'" As we remarked once before in this pulpit, public relations is (or are) an eerie profession. But so is journalism, we would like to add. Our guess is that the public-relations officers who sent those particular photographs out did so because they knew that the *Herald Tribune* and other great newspapers just couldn't wait to publish them and that the *Herald Tribune* and other great newspapers published them simply because American journalism is in the state it has been in for some years now—drowsy. One reason there have been so many people engaged in handing out news in recent years is that there have been so few engaged in going out and getting news.

ARBOREAL NOTE: One of the elm trees on Fifth Avenue, across the street from the Harry Payne Whitney house at Sixty-eighth Street, has just cast its old foliage and put forth a set of new leaves, like a woman in a jaunty fall hat.

YOUNG Mr. Dewey may be our next Governor, but if he is, it will probably be in spite of rather than because of his campaign song, "March with Dewey," the words of which were printed in the papers the other day. The words, or *some* of the words, are as follows:

We'll march 'cross the floor, with Tom
Dewey and Moore,
As the band plays on.
We'll gather support from all over New
York
As the band plays on. . . .

Wondering who on earth could have rhymed "support" with "New York," we were interested to learn, on investigation, that the words of the song had been written not by one person but by three: Grace Jaeckle, John J. Plunkett, and Wallace H. Miller. Well, no wonder! Clearly, only a collaborative effort could have produced such a result. It occurs to us in this connection that there



"But I tell you my muscles are simply screaming in protest."

is entirely too much collaboration going on in this country. From Hollywood to Washington and, in some instances at least, on across the seas, we are inclined to be a nation of too many cooks. As for young Mr. Dewey, we have always considered him to be something of a composite character anyway, and while he may turn out to be a good Governor (if he is elected), we will continue to think of him as a sort of earnest glee club—appealing, though not downright moving.

Third Candidate

NOW, when Dean Alfange, the American Labor Party's candidate for Governor, was described in print by Westbrook Pegler, the man who picked Willkie in 1940, as "a lower-case, local Alf Landon in the sense that he is very obscure and hasn't a Chinaman's chance and knows it," we accepted this as a red-hot hunch and arranged immediately for an interview with Alfange. Alfange, naturally, dis-

agrees with the verdict of the sports page. "If I didn't expect to win, I wouldn't have accepted the nomination," he told us. "It would be futile for a party to put forward a candidate if it didn't expect to win, would it not?" The name is pronounced "al'fanj." Description: age, 44; weight, 190; height, 5 feet 10 inches; moderately swarthy; thinning gray hair combed back; wears spectacles. Alfange is not as awe-struck as was Leonard Lyons by the fact that he (Alfange) and Dewey were classmates at Columbia Law School. He and Dewey get a chance to say hello now and then, but they don't meet much socially, nor have they ever found themselves opposed to each other in court. Alfange is what he calls an "individual practitioner" of law, meaning that he has avoided specializing. He shares offices with a Madison Avenue legal firm but is more or less on his own.

Alfange was born in Istanbul of Greek parents, who brought him to this country and settled in Syracuse when

he was two. When he was five his father died, and from then on he was strictly on his own. "I don't know what a gratuitous dollar is," he says. He mowed lawns and delivered groceries while going through grammar and high schools, and paid his tuition at Hamilton College by tutoring, waiting on table, and other traditional student jobs. In spite of all this, he found time to be a big man on campus, becoming a charter member of two fraternities, serving as captain of the debating team, and making Phi Beta Kappa. After going on to Columbia Law School and graduating in 1925, Alfange went to work as a clerk for Congressman Warren I. Lee. Five years later he became the Congressman's law partner, and in 1934 he branched out for himself. He's a high-pressure civic worker, and at the moment is giving his time to more than a dozen activities, including Greek war relief, the New York State Salvage Commission, Se-

lective Service Appeal Board No. 6, and the Alien Enemy Hearing Board of the Southern District of New York; he's qualified for the last-named post by a working knowledge of French, Italian, and modern Greek. He is, of course, enrolled as a Democrat, and his office is hung with autographed photographs of Roosevelt, Lehman, Sam Rayburn, McNutt, and Farley, not all of whom would now endorse him heartily.

Alfange drinks, like all candidates we ever heard of, in moderation; he prefers Scotch, drinks only in company, and limits himself to two highballs. He conscientiously walks from his home (9 West Sixty-fourth) to his office (285 Madison) every clear day, figuring the round trip at three miles. He pays little attention to his clothes and buys them just about anywhere. To illustrate this fact, he said, "Take this tie, for example." He started to look at the label, and quickly tucked the tie back under his coat. "Charvet," he said softly. "Can you imagine that? An American Labor

Party candidate in a Charvet tie." His political past includes getting licked by Joseph Clark Baldwin in a Congressional campaign last year and working for the Democratic National Committee in 1936. In 1937, he published a book entitled "The Supreme Court and the National Will." It won the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Award of \$2,500, being that sort of book, and this resulted in Alfange's finding himself exactly \$2,500 out of pocket. He turned the prize money over to Hamilton College for a scholarship, and then remembered that he had promised the entire award, if and when, to his secretary and research staff. "This left me holding the honor," he told us. He is confident, however, that he will be holding more than that in November.

New Policy

THE campaign against the fleshly in magazine fiction and pictures seems to be getting results, of a sort. We've heard of the staff of one snappy magazine being summoned for an editorial conference and told, by the editor, "We've got to cut down on seduction. We've been running sixty-six per cent lately, and we'll have to get it down to thirty-three."

Canard

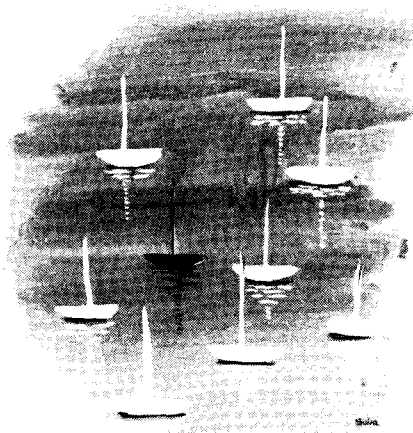
DECIDING—never mind why—to acquire some technical information on Army buglers, we went over to Fort Jay and had a talk with Chief Warrant Officer William C. White, who is the band-leader there. He is, we might mention, a qualified expert in the field of martial music, having studied at the New England Conservatory of Music and the Juilliard School, and having served for some years as principal of the Army Music School. We told White frankly that all we knew about buglers was what we had learned from the Irving Berlin song, and that we didn't have full confidence even in that. White assured us that the song gave a very incomplete picture of a bugler's life, particularly the lines that go:

A bugler in the Army is the luckiest of men.
He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again:
He doesn't have to blow again until the afternoon.
If everything goes well with me
I'll be a bugler soon.

"A bugler has a private's job *plus* bugling," White barked. "A bugler *doesn't* go back to bed again after he

wakes the boys, and he almost blows his brains out bugling before afternoon. Poor devil doesn't even get a chance to lie down for a moment at noon." He brooded for a time about the Berlin lyric, and added, "Why, Lord, they'd *kill* him if he went back to bed!"

Beginning at the beginning—i.e., with the age-old question of who wakes the bugler up—White told us that this function is performed by the sergeant or the corporal of the guard. A company generally goes on guard duty once every eight or ten days, and it is only during the twenty-four hours of guard duty that the bugler bugles. The rest of the time he's just a soldier. There are forty-one bugle calls he must know, but the odds are heavily against his having to blow that many during one day. The routine calls keep him busy enough. After he is awakened by the guard (he sleeps, appropriately enough, in the guardhouse), he blows "First Call," which means get up and get dressed. Then he fills in the time before reveille by playing various marches: "Doctor, Doctor, Come Here Quick," "Holy Joe," or, on payday, "Payday March." Then "Reveille," "Assembly," "Mess Call," and "Drill Call," which get his buddies through roll call and breakfast and down to work. After playing "Fatigue," which is the signal for men with chores to get on with them, he is rewarded with a little spare time, which is taken up by a traditional bugler's assignment—that of acting as the colonel's messenger. Then comes "Recall," the signal for drill and fatigue duty to end, then "First Sergeant's Call" and "Officer's Call," the signal for first sergeants and officers, respectively, to report to their superiors. "Mess Call" comes again at noon, followed by "Fatigue," "Drill Call," and "Sick Call," in that order. After another spell of running errands for the colonel, the bugler plays "Guard Mount Call," "Assembly," "Retreat," and, if there's



no band to do it, "To the Color." "Mess Call" again around 6 P.M. "Tattoo" comes at nine, a signal that lights have to be out in the squad room in fifteen minutes. "Call to Quarters" and "Taps" get everybody in bed and asleep, and the bugler flops again in the guardhouse—utterly pooped, White would have Berlin know.

Basic

TWO small-businessmen were having a brisk argument, while lunching at the Automat, about the inadequacies of the OPA's system of ceiling prices. One of them, apparently an anti-OPA man, said that it was silly to put a ceiling on dressed meat and none on livestock. "But they couldn't put a ceiling on livestock, Henry," the other said. "It would be unconstitutional. The Constitution says you can't put a ceiling on livestock." "Oh," said Henry. End of argument.

Federal Coach

TO us, one of the most interesting passengers on the last westward crossing of the Drottningholm was Boyd Comstock, who was returning from Italy after seven years of gallant and unceasing effort to whip up a track-and-field team that wouldn't look too silly in international competition. Sports followers of mature years will remember Comstock as the track coach at Yale back in the twenties, and later at the University of Southern California and the Los Angeles Athletic Club. He developed such famous runners as Charlie Paddock, Frank Wykoff, and Bob Maxwell, and was known as an unusually thoughtful coach, with a number of scientific theories that appeared to work. In 1935 he accepted an invitation from the Italian government to go over there as "federal coach," he told us, because it seemed to offer a laboratory test for his theories: that is, he figured if his methods worked on Italian athletes, they'd work on *anybody*. Comstock had some measure of success, too. The first time his boys met the German team, in one of a series of annual meets held by the Axis partners, they lost by forty-four points; the last time, they lost, too, but by a margin of only eight points. The Germans, seeing which way the wind was blowing, cancelled the next year's meet.

The average Italian big-time athlete is about on a par with an American kid in a small country high school, Comstock told us. The Italians aren't ter-

ribly good at athletics in the first place, and they're awfully slow to learn. Furthermore, they're prey to all sorts of superstitions. The windows of their houses are tightly closed at night, to prevent the sleeping Italians from being harmed by the deadly night air, and Comstock knew at least one runner who refused to bathe, for fear of washing away body oils which, he was convinced, made him supple and speedy. Always somewhat jumpy, Italian athletes go completely crazy before an important meet. Fits of hysteria are not uncommon, and Comstock once saw one of his charges attack a teammate, just before a meet, with apparently murderous intentions. Occasionally, also, one of the boys would watch the opposition warming up, turn to Comstock, and say, "Well, I quit." Any coach is used to the necessity of giving fight talks, but a fight talk in Italy sometimes lasts as long as three hours. This record was established by Comstock, in persuading his star sprinter that he ought to compete in spite of a slight headache.

The only thing that gets Italians through a public competition is their dread of what they call *brutta figura*, Comstock says. This is not unlike the Oriental preoccupation with "saving face," apparently. *Brutta figura* means literally "ugly figure"—by extension, "poor showing." Fear of it makes any Italian runner whiz past the grandstand, regardless of the strategy of the race. Most of them, however, are doing little

enough whizzing these days; their diet doesn't encourage it. For breakfast they generally get about half a glass of milk, imitation coffee, and a piece of bread. Lunch is a cup and a half of rice or spaghetti, with ersatz sauce, and dinner is some vegetable like cauliflower, a slice of cheese, and some more bread. The effect of this is aggravated by the government's policy of increasing its athletes' rations a couple of weeks before they are to compete, which merely upsets their stomachs. Comstock would have left Italy years ago, he told us, but for the difficulty of obtaining foreign exchange. It would have cost three thousand dollars to get his family out with him, and, even if he had possessed that amount, which he didn't, there weren't that many American dollars to be bought.

Prepared

THE Boy Scout troop of a suburban Massachusetts town volunteered to help give a quiz to a new class of first-aiders. The way they arranged it was for the boys to stage a pantomime of some sort of medical or surgical emergency, the first-aiders taking turns diagnosing the condition and telling what they'd do about it. After various fits, fractures, and industrial accidents, two small lads in uniform appeared before the class, one of them holding a watch. At a signal from the timekeeper, the other lad clutched his stomach and be-

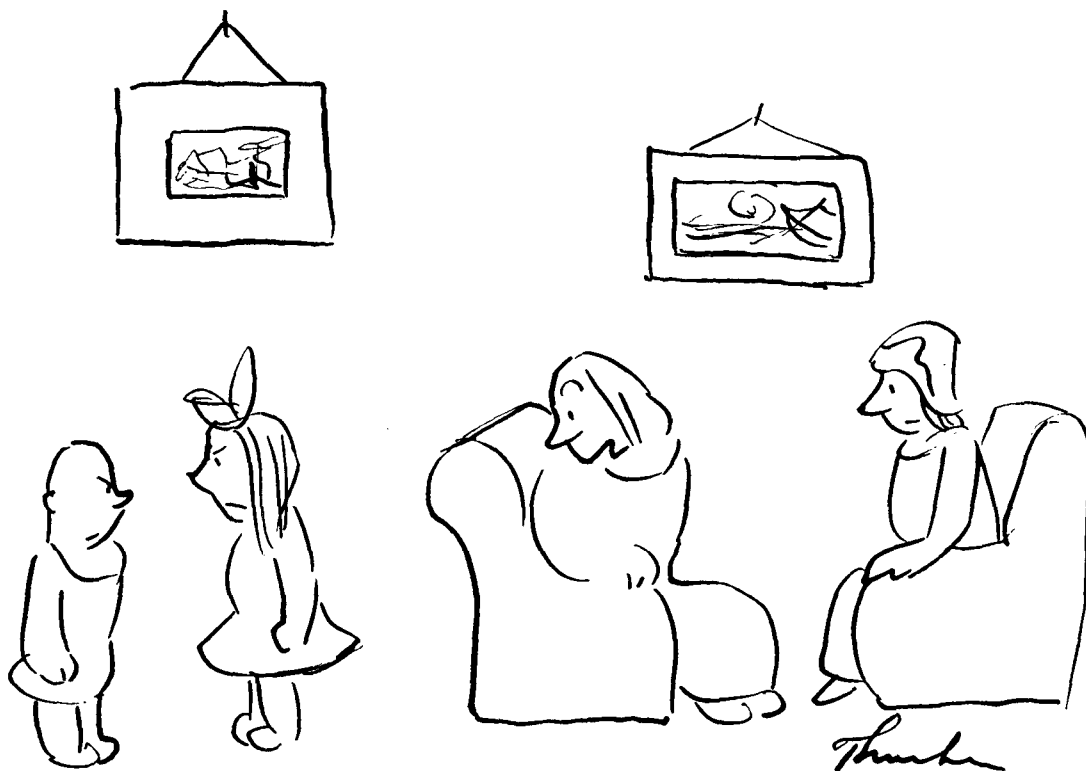
gan squealing loudly; then, at another signal, he stopped. Then, after what seemed a very lengthy stage wait, they went through the whole thing again. The first-aiders, and even their instructor, were frankly puzzled, and finally said they gave up. The timekeeper explained, rather scornfully. "Labor pains of sixty seconds' duration, five minutes apart," he said.

Blood on the Moon

THE photographs of last week's eclipse of the moon published in the *New York Times* were taken practically under our nose at the corner of Davison Street and Silver Lane in Oceanside, Long Island. They were the work of a twenty-five-year-old lunar enthusiast named Peter A. Leavens, chief photographer of the Museum of Natural History's Amateur Astronomers Association, who was host to eighteen other amateurs and ourself during the phenomenon, the first of its kind visible around these parts since 1938. He used a cratelike camera, ten feet long, set up on a lot across the street from his house and protected from a medium-sized crowd of curious neighbors by a roped-off enclosure twenty yards square. When we arrived, at a quarter to nine in the evening, the full moon was already up in the cloudless sky, and Mr. Leavens was in a state of high excitement as he left his camera and came through the ropes to welcome us. "Marvellous conditions," he said.

"Just marvellous." He introduced George Plachy, secretary of the association, and the three of us edged our way through the unscientific fringe into the enclosure, which contained, besides Leavens's equipment, seven small cameras and a fifty-power reflector telescope, all set on tripods. Leavens scampered back to his camera, with which he planned to take several dozen exposures, and Mr. Plachy explained to us that the remaining equipment belonged to the other astronomers, male and female, who were clustered about in the moonlight. He invited us to look through the telescope, which we did, and we found the moon's brilliance almost intolerable.

The eclipse was to begin at 9:01 P.M., when the



"Alice can be a little girl Commando in your game, Donald."

moon would start moving into the earth's penumbra. At 9:01, an astronomer with a Hamilton watch confidently announced the time. At 9:46, Peter Leavens stopped fussing with a ground glass long enough to shout, "There is seventy per cent less moonlight now than at 9:01 P.M.!" "Right!" called another young astronomer. This unanimous judgment left us a little baffled. "It's been so gradual you haven't noticed it," Mr. Plachy told us. "But just wait until you see that umbra." He added that the moon is something of a mystery, anyhow. No real change has been noted on the half of the moon we earth dwellers see since Galileo first looked at it through a telescope in 1609. We didn't ask him why anyone should expect a change. Moreover, Mr. Plachy said, no one has explained beyond dispute what caused the moon's craters, or the reason the brightness of its surface is not uniform. "We think it's covered with dozens of feet of fine dust, but that's just a speculation," Mr. Plachy said. We were interrupted by a sudden babble of small cries to the effect that the earth's umbra had begun to creep over the moon. At this, there was a general clicking of cameras, which continued sporadically for the rest of our stay. In a relatively short time the shadowed portion had assumed a deep, coppery tone. "Blood on the moon," cooed Mr. Leavens from behind his camera. "I've always intended to look that up," said Mr. Plachy, "but I'm sure this is what Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote those lines in 'Julius Caesar.'" Nearby, a girl with ten-power binoculars commented that our satellite, which now was entirely in shadow except for a small, shiny fraction, looked like Mars with a polar cap. The cap, too, disappeared by eleven o'clock.

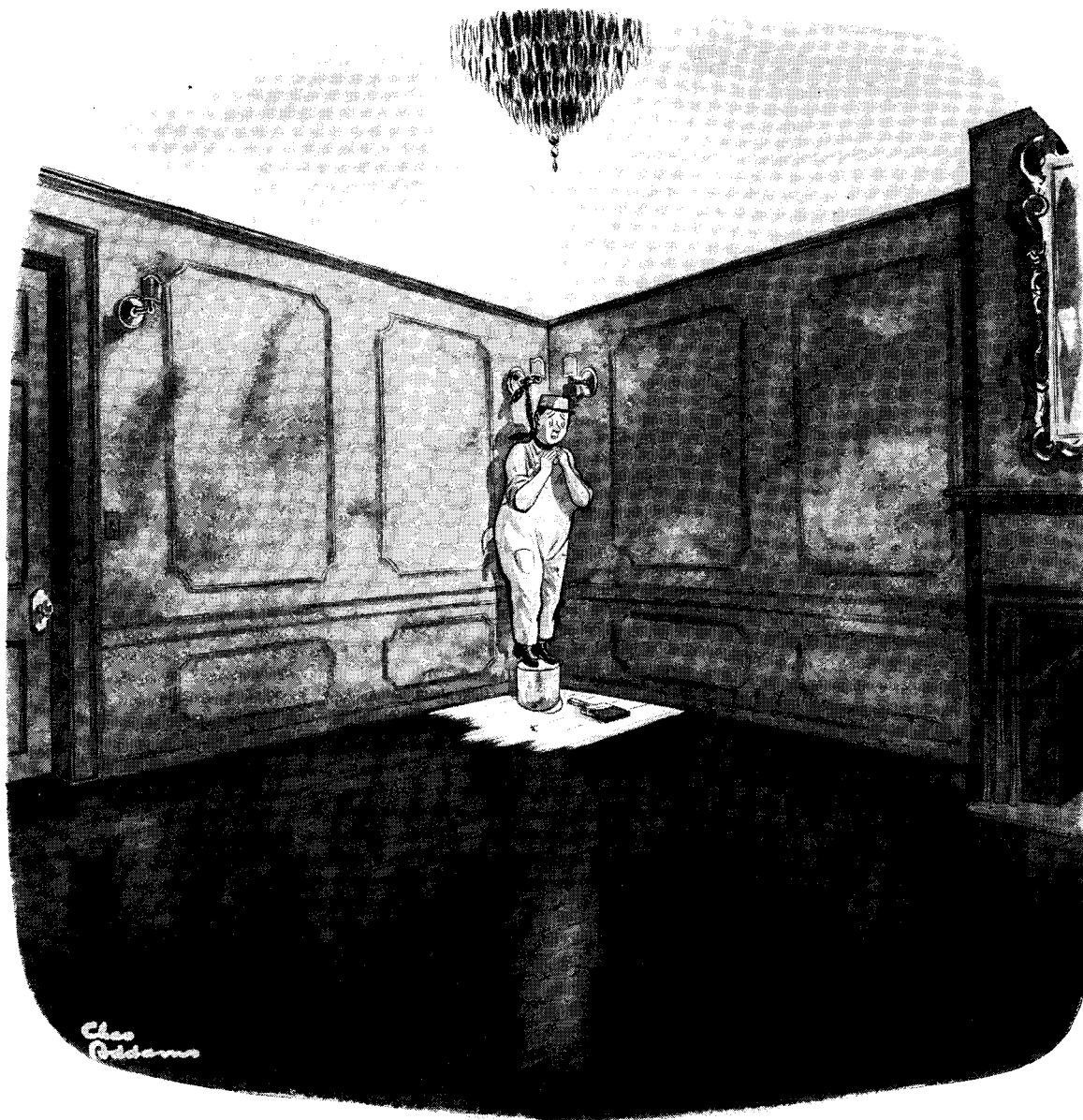
The astronomers then declared a recess, since the eclipse would remain in the completely shadowed phase until

after twelve-thirty. Mr. Leavens got his photographic plates off by messenger to the *Times* and the amateur astronomers and ourself adjourned to his house at 66 Silver Lane, where his grandmother supplied refreshments in the form of grape punch and peanut-butter sandwiches. Talk flew thick and fast on subjects such as the Andromeda spiral nebula ("Have some more punch, Mr. Plachy"), which is the only island universe save our own clearly visible to us in the Northern Hemisphere without the aid of a telescope. A curious fact, perhaps reassuring, perhaps not, which we picked up about our universe, a spheroid of stars, was that if you consider its long axis to be Fifth Avenue from Thirty-fourth to Fifty-ninth Streets, the earth is about at Saks-Fifth Avenue. We decided not to wait to see the eclipse in reverse, and took our departure after two peanut-butter sandwiches and appropriate thanks, leaving our compan-

ions deep in the discussion of Albireo, a brilliant double star in the constellation Cygnus. The moon was high, and still bloody, when we got out on the street to take the 11:38 P.M. train back to New York.

Advice from a Cop

WHEN the sirens sounded for the blackout last week, a girl we know was in a taxicab on East Fiftieth Street. A cop stopped the cab and made her get out. "Everybody's supposed to take cover, lady," he told her. "But where am I supposed to go?" she asked. The cop thought a moment. "Where *were* you going?" he wanted to know. "Home to Sutton Place," she said. The cop made a quick decision. "Home's the best place for you," he said briskly. He bundled her back into the taxi, and off she went, having lost only a couple of minutes in her dash for safety.



THE DAY BEFORE

THE day before he went into the Army, Martin thought he'd take a last look at the town. The intention was possibly not quite so definite. Maybe it was just that he found himself on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, going north, and he had no more affairs to wind up. In truth, he had wound up his affairs on the first day of his allotted ten, and after that it became a matter of keeping busy.

As his bus passed the Empire State, he looked up into the brilliant sunshine and thought how odd that he had never, during twenty years in New York, seen the view from any of its tallest buildings. He had never once been to the opera or the circus or a Horse Show or the Hayden Planetarium. He marvelled to think that he never so much as had the curiosity to take a look inside of Grant's Tomb. Martin was accustomed to thinking of himself as having led an active and observant life. He decided to stay on the bus until it came to the Tomb. He wondered what they had in there besides the sarcophagus.

There was the usual noon traffic jam in front of the Public Library. The building looked dingier and less imposing than in former years. At the age of thirteen, Martin had experienced a month of sustained ecstasy in there. He had heard that the story of "The Three Musketeers" was carried on in a series of other books, but his branch library did not have them and he was instructed to try the Main Building. He had circled Bryant Park half a dozen times before daring to go in, but after he did, he spent every afternoon and evening there for a month. He read those books over and over—"Louise de la Vallière," "Ten Years Later"—and when D'Artagnan died at last, Martin could not eat until the next day at breakfast.

"Ten Years Later." Ten years after that month of Dumas, Martin saw blood on the stairs of the Public Library. He forgot how it started—some kind of demonstration against the Austrian Consulate in the time of Dollfuss, and as Martin came out at the Fifth Avenue door, the police had just isolated a group of marchers and begun to club them indiscriminately. One old man fell on the stairs below Martin, and as he struggled there two cops worked on him with blackjacks until his arm lay obviously broken under him and the blood spurted in a jet out of his open mouth. There were a great many dem-

onstrations in New York during those years.

The bus crawled along the midtown blocks and ran into another jam in front of Radio City. Now here, Martin thought with something like exultation, is a miracle I watched grow slowly out of the ground. Lord Christ, if only we could keep the bombers off. Never mind the sleek gamblers in talent, the pink-faced pirates, the sure-thing boys in there. Radio City was a complex and splendid miracle. Martin had worked in the largest of the buildings.

It took the bus a long time to reach Sherman's statue. Within a few hundred yards of this spot—on the hill overlooking the lake—Martin, at the age of seventeen, kissed a blonde girl from Julia Richman High School. She had teeth the color of whipped cream. Underneath her middy blouse she wore a small silver cross, and on that cross he took an oath never to love another girl as long as he lived. It was the first time Martin had ever said "Darling" to a girl. For years afterward he managed to find different names for the others.

SO many things had happened to Martin along this one beautiful avenue. Playing basketball at the Heckscher Foundation, he had broken his wrist, and a doctor with large, firm hands had set it for him at the Fifth Avenue Hospital next door. And in the Metropolitan Museum of Art he had served as a monitor at the Children's Sunday Story Hour every week during his last year of grade school. The lady lecturer had been very kind to him. She had walked with him time and again through the galleries on the ground floor and explained about Egyptian dynasties. What Martin had liked best was to sit alone in the great hall where they had

knights in full armor, horse and all. He had liked, also, to stand inside the white replica of the Pantheon or to watch the live goldfish in the Roman Garden. And fifteen years later a friend of his sold a picture to the Museum and blew most of the money in on an old motorboat and took Martin on a week's cruise along the Hudson.

Past the Carnegie house, a soldier came up and took a seat across the aisle. He leaned over and asked Martin if this bus would take him to the Cloisters. "I'm a stranger here," he said. "Will you tell me when to get off?"

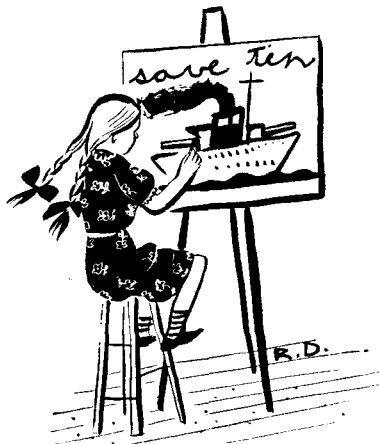
"It's the last stop," Martin said. "You'll know when."

The soldier was a mild-looking boy, very young, but he had the insignia of a corporal in the infantry, and it occurred to Martin that this meant he must already have had his share of bayonet drill. He must already have learned to run the bayonet into a dummy (with a Hitler mustache on it, no doubt) and to brace a leg against the dummy's chest to facilitate withdrawal. Or was it only in living people that bayonets got stuck? At any rate, this boy had already been partly decivilized in the process of being trained to defend civilization, and now he was on his way to spend a quiet and possibly reverent interlude at the Cloisters.

Tomorrow, Martin would begin his reeducation. All right, make it reeducation then—tongues in tanks, books in falling bombs, sermons in sergeants, and good in everything. He would begin his own training to forget that institutions existed to promote the welfare of the individual rather than the other way around; for in order properly to defend and extend democracy, an army must divest its soldiers of their status as individuals in the outmoded sense.

It was too late for Martin to wonder if he had truly prepared himself to accept this. When different people asked why he had not waited to be drafted, he found himself advancing a series of trumped-up and contradictory rationales. "Maybe it's simple, or complex, or compound, curiosity that made me volunteer," he had said to his brother, "the curiosity of the rabbit about the snake, or of the cabbage, perhaps, about the rabbit."

From neutral 110th Street, the bus turned up Riverside Drive, where the city was beautiful again. The great bridge sparkled in the sunshine and the white roads and green park wove into an arabesque below along the Hudson as far as Martin could see. There was





"Which Commander Truman did you wanna speak to?"

humanity here in the imperial splendor of the city. The lawns around the trees were wide and accessible, hundreds of clean children played in the sand piles, and the one statue in sight was that of a good man, Louis Kossuth. Martin listened to the fresh voices of the children. This was the city of Whitman and Melville, of the Roeblings and the Olmstedes, and of the unknown good men who will someday tear down the houses of Harlem. Lord Christ, if only we could keep the bombs from falling.

AT Grant's Tomb, Martin got off and waved goodbye to the corporal, who smiled back at him. He walked across the Drive and the plaza and up the stairs of the building. Here, too, the air was filled with the fresh

voices of children and the sound of roller skates.

Inside, under the yellow light, it was suddenly cool and silent. He looked down at the large coffin of the small man for whom so many things had gone wrong, the stubborn, unhappy man buried so appropriately in this awkward structure. There was nothing else in there except a few dusty battle colors and an attendant selling souvenir postcards. Martin went out again. He sat down on a stone bench, facing the river.

Well, he thought, let us not be too hard on old Grant. It wasn't Grant's fault that the tanks named after him had been outmaneuvered in Libya. Wasn't his fault that he liked to smoke his cigars with Jim Fisk rather than with Henry Adams. Fisk might have

been better company, at that. And while Martin would no doubt have picked Adams, Grant was certainly entitled to his own preferences. Weren't there, after all, three kinds of intelligence listed in Martin's old Britannica—Human, Animal, and Military? If only, beginning tomorrow, he could temporarily obliterate the first two and switch on that other. If only the three were not so indistinguishable, if only, if only . . . I hope I make a good soldier, he thought. I will have to try very hard.

A small boy came by and asked Martin if he wanted a shine. Unlike the thousands of clean children in charge of the neat nursemaids along the Drive, this boy was very poorly dressed, though you could not, because of his dark skin, tell exactly how dirty he was. A Puerto Rican boy, probably, about ten



"Why don't you forget it, Henry? Summer's just about over anyway."

or eleven. His curly hair was dusty and matted and he had a wonderful, hesitant smile.

"What do you say?" he asked. "I'll make it good. Only a nickel. What do you say?"

"All right."

The boy laid out his kit and looked about furtively. Martin asked him if he was afraid of something.

"Cop," the boy said. "I ain't supposed to be working up here."

"All he can do is chase you off. I'll go with you."

"He can do more than chase. T'rows his stick when he can't get you."

The boy worked fast but kept a watch in all directions.

"What do you do with the money you earn?" Martin asked.

"Give it to my mother, mostly."

"What would you do with a dollar if you had it?"

"Wouldn't have a dollar."

"What if somebody gave you one, though?"

"Nobody'd give me a dollar. What would anybody want to give me a dollar for?"

"Look," Martin said. "Supposing I gave you a dollar. What would you do with it?"

"You wouldn't give me a dollar."

"Maybe I would. Supposing I did. Now, what would you do with it?"

"Give it to my mother, I guess."

"I mean if I gave you a dollar and said you had to spend it yourself. What would you buy?"

"Gun."

"What do you want a gun for?"

The boy shrugged. "Stick 'em up," he said. "Flash Gordon. Whango."

He finished his last few dabs with a flourish and Martin gave him a dollar.

"I ain't got change," the boy said.

"Keep it."

The boy turned the bill over. "What's this—a phony buck?"

"No, it's good."

"It's phony," the boy said. "Give me my nickel, Mister."

"The dollar's good, you dummy. Take it."

"Well, why don't you give it to me in change then?"

Martin took out his silver, but all he had was forty cents. The boy accepted it, returned the dollar, and ran away toward International House. Across the street he stopped and yelled "Whango" at no one in particular. Then he ran off, out of sight.

At the age of ten, thought Martin, this one has already learned that if a stranger presents you with a dollar it's apt to be counterfeit. At nineteen, the gun he buys may well be a real one, and at twenty-three, in the city of Whitman and Melville, in Harlem, specifically, he will be selling his vote to the machine and looking through the five-dollar bill to see if it is good.

But maybe not. Maybe he'll do all right. Maybe he'll live to see the buildings of Harlem torn down and his own children playing, fresh

and sweet, in the sand. There was a chance he might. The town was getting to look better all the time. So much of it looked pretty good right now.

MARTIN lit a cigarette and blew the smoke toward the Jersey side, where a silver transport plane was gaining altitude over the Palisades. Yes, on this day the town appeared to be in pretty good shape. If only, when he came back, it would take him in again, as it had twenty years ago. That he would come back after a while, Martin did not for a moment doubt.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

VANCOUVER, July 21, (CP)—An albino love bird, pure white and with pink eyes, has been hatched at the apiary of Mrs. M. Knight, Burnaby, of the union of a cinnamon winged male and a Cobalt hen. The chances of hatching an albino love bird are one in a million.—*Winnipeg Free Press*.

Especially in an apiary.

THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT

THE café was a small one, just west of Sixth Avenue, on Greenwich. It was a Village sort of place, full of women sitting with their legs crossed high on the red leather stools in front of the bar and men crowded around them, and one reason Fred and Flora had taken to meeting there was that they had never seen anyone they knew, or even anyone from the neighborhood who might have known them. When Fred pushed the door open around nine o'clock on that Saturday night, things were going full swing, with people lined two and three deep at the bar and clustered around the tables, and the air dense with smoke and excitement.

For a moment it baffled him, coming in from the quiet street outside, but even before he could find his bearings he had that feeling he often had when he was keeping a date with Flora, that she was already there somewhere and watching him. It was a curious feeling, and it was so strong that sometimes when it turned out wrong and he arrived first at their meeting place, it would still be with him, enough to make it seem that she must already know what he was doing and thinking about, and he would find himself talking to her, in his mind of course, and when she finally appeared she would just be there, and that would be the only difference.

This time, though, he wasn't mistaken. He was a tall man, blond, with a broad, heavy face and small, solemn blue eyes, and it took him a half-minute or so to sort out the scene before him. Then he saw her. She was sitting at a table in the far corner of the room, a half-finished glass of beer before her and her elbow on the table beside it, her head resting on her hand and the hand slid so far up her cheek that the fingers shoved her short-cut brown hair up in a little fluffy plume above her head. Her face was turned toward the door, and when their eyes met she didn't smile or wave; she just watched him, pivoting her head on her hand to keep him in view as he pushed through the crowd and dropped into the seat opposite her.

"Gee, Flora, I'm sorry," he said. "I'm late."

"It don't matter," she said. She had a small, pointed face and large brown eyes. Tonight, he noticed, her face looked pale.

"You know how it is up there now," he said. "I told you. The night crew comes on at six, like always. But now

they got a stunt with the day crew. We got to tend counter till eight, and then it's up to us to clean up the steam tables, fixing up for the supper dishes, before we knock off. So by the time I go home and get changed and all and come down here . . ." She was still sitting with her head propped on her hand, looking up at him, and the steadiness of her gaze made him feel uncomfortable. "Nine o'clock," he said. "I guess I ain't so very late, maybe."

"It don't matter." Suddenly she smiled up at him. "I don't mind waiting."

As soon as she smiled, Fred's face brightened too. "Well," he said, "what you having?"

"A beer."

"Yeah, I know. But you're about through with that. How about something stronger?"

She glanced down at her glass and then up at him and nodded.

"Rye?" Fred asked.

"O.K."

FRED signalled to a waiter. "Rye-and-soda," he said. "Two." He and Flora sat looking at each other a little awkwardly, smiling, till the waiter came back with the drinks. When he had gone, Fred leaned forward and picked up his glass. "Well," he said, "how was it today?"

"Oh, all right," she said. "You know, Saturdays. He came home. All he'd had was a couple of drinks. And he brought in some beer." Always when she started talking about her husband, Fred would get a feeling of hot, helpless anger, so hot and so deep inside him that it was almost a physical pain. But he could never help asking. He could feel the anger rising inside him now and his face growing red with it. Flora didn't notice. She was sitting with her head bent down, watching the ice bob around in the glass as she stirred her drink. "He drunk most of the beer," she went on, "and then we had dinner. And then, when he seen I was going out, he asked where, and I said to my Cousin Annie's. And he said—" She broke off and

glanced up at him. "Ah, Fred. It's so foolish."

"What's foolish?" He had been only half listening, and with the rest of his mind he had been trying to imagine what it had been like in the apartment, her cooking the meal and setting the table and the other one sitting there, drinking his beer and watching her, telling her what he wanted, owning her. For a moment he couldn't get back to what she was saying. "What's foolish?" he repeated.

"What we're doing. What we're thinking about." She had eyes that could convey more kinds of emotion than any other woman's he had ever seen, and now she was looking at him with so weary and hopeless an expression that it dismayed him. "Why don't you just go?" she was saying. "Why don't you just leave me?"

"I couldn't do that, Flora. You know that." She had let one hand fall on the table and he reached forward and seized it, and he must have squeezed it too hard, for she gave a little yank and a cry. Fred was fleetingly conscious that someone had laughed, and he glanced up and saw a red-faced man in the group at the next table looking over at him. "They're doing all right, it would seem," the man said, grinning knowingly. Fred met the man's eye and then turned back to Flora. "What you don't realize," he said in a lower voice, "is a good counterman can get jobs anywhere. There's lunchrooms everywhere, and the setup is always the same. And the fellows are always drifting. I could take you to Buffalo, or out to Detroit, or even further. We could go anywhere. I could make a living." He was still holding her hand, but she had let it go loose inside his and after a while he released it. The waiter was there again, picking up their empty glasses. "Two more rye-and-sodas," Fred said.

She shook her head at him sadly. "I couldn't," she said. "Fred, I've told you. Wherever we went, it would be a shame to me. Wherever you took me."

"Nobody would ask any questions. We'd be Mr. and Mrs. to them, and who'd ever think to ask different?"

"Till death do us part," she quoted. "I take things like that serious, Fred. You can't move me."

"You could get a divorce."

"On what grounds? He ain't been unfaithful, has he? He's a good provider."

They had argued this way before, and always it had come out the same. Al-



ways, too, Fred had got angry. "Well, God, then!" he said.

Flora faced him with an expression almost of triumph on her face. "Like I said," she retorted. "Just leave me. You could get other girls to go off with you like that, maybe, but not me." She leaned back slowly, drawing her hand away till it slipped off the edge of the table into her lap. For a while, without speaking, they sat staring at each other; the look of triumph faded from her eyes and a hurt look came into them, and for a moment they were welling with tears. Then—she was leaning back now, with her head resting against the dark wood that formed the back of the seats against the wall—a kind of caressingness filled them; for a while neither she nor Fred said anything, and in the silence they couldn't help hearing the talk that was going on at the next table. "Well, the old lady just looked at the kid and kept on stirring," a man in a dark-blue suit was saying. "I don't know where he is," says she. "All I know is he's never around when you want him." When the man had finished speaking, a girl in a gray tailored coat and a short black skirt gave a whoop and pushed herself back in her chair so hard that she almost lost balance. She grabbed at the red-faced man's arm to steady herself. "Oh, God!" she cried. "What a simply crazy story! Eddie, where do you get them?" The red-faced man was laughing too. "Now, listen," he said. "Let me tell one." Flora gave a little sigh. "Ah, Fred," she said. "People can have such good times, can't they?"

"Only us," Fred said.

"Only us."

"We could have good times, too."

She shook her head slowly at him, not speaking. "Look," the red-faced man was saying, "this one's an Irish one, and you ought to know the accent to really put it over. But it seems there was a snowstorm in Ireland..." Flora giggled suddenly. "You know, Fred," she said. "I busted a light bulb yesterday."

Fred stared at her, puzzled. "A light bulb?"

"Yes. You know, a light bulb. It was out in the kitchen over the sink, and it had burned out, so yesterday I thought I would change it. And then, when I was screwing it out, it dropped, bang, into the sink. It smashed into a thousand pieces. Really, Fred, I bet if you'd count them..." She stopped for a second, looking at him. They were yelling again at the next table and Fred couldn't keep from grinning; he couldn't help thinking there was a joke in what Flora was saying, too. "Right near where the stew was," she went on. She had leaned forward a little, and there was something in her voice that made Fred stop grinning. For an instant his heart and his breathing stopped too. "The stew I was putting some vegetables in," she said. "For his supper. And I couldn't help thinking..." She had opened her purse and was fishing around in it. She pulled out a newspaper clipping. "Fred, did you notice this? Because I was reading it in the *News* just before I started fixing that bulb."

The clipping was a small one, and it was date-lined some place in Ohio. Fred could hardly read it, but it told in a half-joking way how a woman had confessed feeding her husband almost the whole of two beer bottles, broken up, before the glass had killed him. Fred's hand

shook a little as he laid the clipping down. Then he picked it up again, squeezed it carefully into a ball, and dropped it under the table. They had talked of such things before. "Taking life's a crime, too," he said.

Flora didn't argue. She had watched him while he crumpled the paper and threw it away. Now, without a word, she lowered her head and sat looking down at the table between them. Fred leaned closer. "And what you don't think of," he said, "is if you read about that in the papers, it shows she didn't get away with it, don't it?" She still didn't answer. They were sitting with their heads almost touching now, and as she bent forward, the V of her dress fell away from her body—not far, but enough so that he could see, as she breathed, the soft upper part of her breasts shrink away inside the opening and then rise again, steadily and firmly. Somehow, the sight didn't excite him as it might have done; instead, it filled him with a feeling of awe at her frailty, and of wonder at the obscure mechanism of her body, and with a queer, shaken feeling of shame that he should be faced with it now. He would have liked to look away, but he couldn't, and as he sat there staring she leaned back and looked up at him. "Well, anyway," she said, "I got to be going."

"Why? It's early yet."

"Think so?" she said. "Maybe he won't."

"What's he got to do with it?" Fred demanded.

"Ah, Fred," she said, "do I have to tell you? What's a man like him want of a woman, anyways? What's he marry her for? You ain't a child, are you?" Fred felt a great lump rise up in his throat and stick there. He reached over to grab her hand, and then he remembered what had happened

the last time he had done that, and glanced quickly at the next table. The four who were there were all pretty drunk by now and none of them was bothering much about what went on around them. The girl in the tailored suit, he noticed, was leaning against the red-faced man's chest, her face so close to his that their lips almost touched as they talked. Nevertheless, Fred folded his hand over Flora's carefully. "He told me he'd wait up for me," she said. "He'll be waiting."



"But listen, Flora," Fred said. "You don't have to. If you really don't want to."

She was shaking her head, her eyes solemn. "No, Fred," she said. "You don't realize. And when it's a wife's duty." She pulled her hand free and picked up her purse. Then she sat looking at him, waiting for him to call the waiter. "Well," she said, "that's what I got to look forward to now." She didn't give him much chance to say anything more. The waiter, coming past, dropped the check on their table, and she got up immediately. By the time Fred had paid it, she was already halfway to the door. He started to follow her and then stopped. "Wait!" he called, and turned back to the table.

The waiter had picked up their glasses and gone, and the table was vacant. Quickly, Fred bent down and began searching the floor underneath. As he did so, he felt a hand grip his shoulder. It made him jump a little, but when he looked up he saw it was only the red-faced man, peering down at him. "What's the matter, friend?" the man asked unsteadily. "Lose something?" Fred's hand had already closed on the wadded clipping. He jerked his shoulder free and shoved himself to his feet. "No," he said, but there was so much noise in the place that he couldn't be sure the man heard him. "It's O.K. Never mind." He saw the man staring at him, puzzled and a little resentful. Flora was just going out the door.

SHE was waiting for him outside. "I got this," he said as soon as he saw her, and he opened his hand to show her the clipping. She glanced at it and then up at him, but she didn't say anything. It was as if she wasn't interested, and when he started walking down toward West Tenth Street she paced along beside him quietly. He had had a moment of panic back there, arguing with that drunk, and he still wasn't over it; he discovered that he was breathing hard and fast. "You don't want to leave things like that lying around," he told her. Still she didn't speak. They walked to the corner of Tenth and turned west. There was a rustle of cars going up and down Seventh Avenue, and a sprinkling of people along the sidewalks, but mostly the streets were quiet. The day's heat



"I tell you they were not three for a penny last March!"

was thinning away and a cool evening calm was replacing it; when they crossed Seventh, the block that stretched to West Fourth Street was almost deserted.

The block after that was hers. They crossed West Fourth Street. Flora still walked silently, almost docilely, beside him, but when they crossed the street, to Fred it was as if they had entered another air, higher, lighter, more urgent; his quick breathing came back and with it a feeling of haste. Ahead he could see the two granite columns and the heavy porch cornice that made her apartment house different from the others. It was only a few dozen steps away, and when he saw it so close he couldn't help thinking of the time he had wasted, not settling his mind, not deciding, in the blocks before.

Or rather, even now, he wasn't thinking; what began going through his mind was not thought but waves of emotion, and these were so swift in their passage that they hardly meant more than mere words pictorialized. Fear, parting, love, death, disappointment, horror—these presented themselves to his mind in a jumble of sensation, and beneath them all was a feeling that he was being hurried, that a decision was being forced on him. What that decision was he still couldn't think, but the feeling was so strong that he almost cried out with it. If he could only stop, stand still for a moment, think

quietly; if she would only just stop being there, walking silently beside him, leaving everything up to him. . . . They had reached the sidewalk in front of her apartment house. It came almost with the sweetness of a reprieve when she said, "Fred, let's walk on." She was looking pleadingly up at him. "To the corner. Shall we?"

They walked on to the corner of Bleecker. There was a bakery on the opposite corner and this was lighted, but all the other shop fronts at the intersection—the bookstore, the market, the Salvation Army store beside which they were standing—were closed and dark. All up and down Bleecker, all up and down Tenth, not a soul was moving. They stood a moment, looking at each other. "Well, now I go back," she said. "You go on to the subway. You go on uptown." She paused. "Goodbye, Fred."

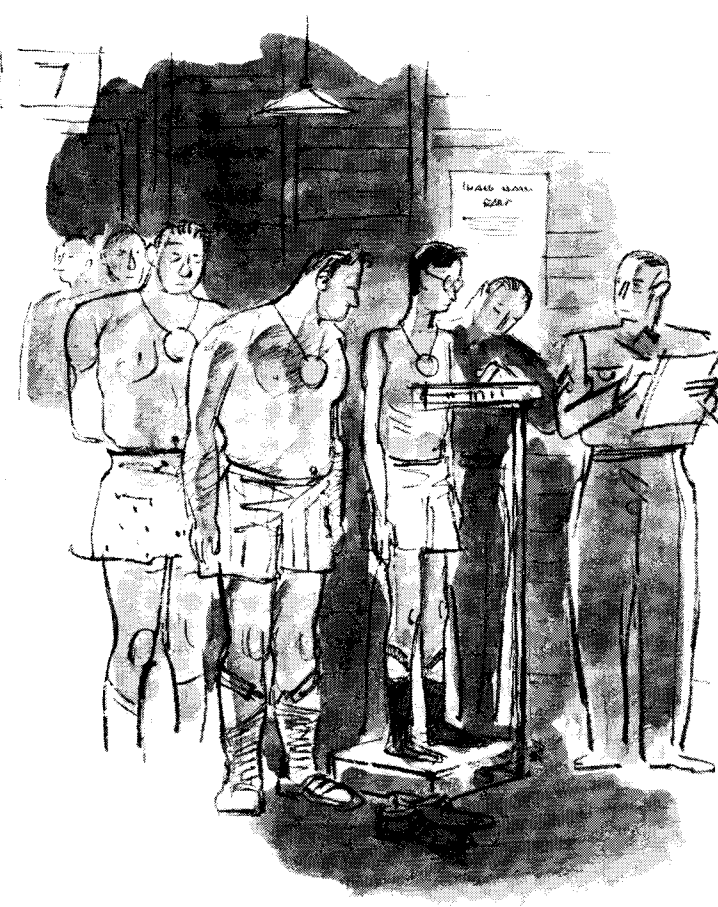
"Goodbye?" he said.

"I've been thinking," she said. "All the while we were walking. It's better that way. I won't be seeing you any more, Fred."

He stared down at her. In the light of the street lamp above them he could see her features, pale and sharp, but he couldn't make out her expression or what she was thinking. There was no clue for him there, but suddenly it came to him that he had enough determination for both of them. It was time for him to decide. Almost roughly, he seized her arm at the elbow. Under the light



"Eyes?" "Blue."
 "Hair?" "Wavy brown, so I've been told."



summer dress, the skin felt soft and cool. "Listen, now," he said. "You may be seeing a lot of me." He felt strong and calm and purposeful. "I'm coming back with you," he said.

"Listen, now," he said. He was walking her back along West Tenth again. There was ease in his mind now, and peace. "You go up to him. See, now, you go up to him. And tell him there's a man in the vestibule. There's a man been annoying people, and he made a grab at you as you came in and you had to run for it. When he comes down, I'll be waiting for him."

She was walking lightly along beside him. She was walking so swiftly and so freely that he almost had to run to keep up with her. But the speed only gave him pleasure. "But supposing he don't come down, Fred?" she said. Her voice was low and excited. "He's in bed now, anyway. He'll be sleeping. And even if he wasn't, the most that he'd do would be call the janitor."

It crossed Fred's mind that something she had said before had been different. In his mind he had had a different picture. He had pictured the other one waiting up for her. But maybe he had misunderstood, and anyway it didn't matter. "Well, then, listen," he said. The fact that he'd had to alter

his plans didn't shake his confidence; to find that he could change them so quickly and surely, as need arose, only added to his feeling of power and confidence. They were in the vestibule now, and she had her bag open, getting out the key. "I'll come up with you, then," he said. She turned the key and the door swung open. She was filled with a haste as furious as his own. She stepped first into the dark hall inside and he followed her. "I'll be right there with you," he said.

"That's better." They were speaking in whispers now.

"Well, then. Where'll he be?"

"In the bedroom, for sure. And most likely he'll be asleep. He's had plenty beers. I took care of that."

"Where's the bedroom?"

"In back, on the court. I'll show you. Ah, Fred," she said. He couldn't see her. For a while, as they stood apart in the dark hallway, he couldn't feel her, either; it was as if she wasn't there, and a kind of uncertainty took hold of him. "I'll need something," he said. "I can't do it with my bare fists." But even as he spoke, her hand touched his and then, having located him, her body met his in a rush; for a moment she lay against him, and from somewhere out of the darkness her lips reached his in a

long, strong kiss. As her body lay against his, he could feel it quivering, but it was not the shaking of nervousness or of fear; it was like the tight, taut quivering of a string or a wire that has been stretched to the singing point. "Ah, the bastard!" she said. Her arm had gone round his neck, and her face was so close that when she spoke he could feel the brush of her lips against his own. "The low, sneaking, snivelling bastard! With his pawing, his pleading. Coming home to me there, and then begging. There's my shears," she said. He could feel her arm tighten on his neck, and then contact vanished. The next thing he felt was her fingers closing over his hand. "There's my dressmaking shears. They're out on the dining-room table, right in front of the door. I'd know where they were, even in the dark." The hand was tugging at his now, leading him toward the stairs.

"Come on," she said.

—ROBERT M. COATES

Mr. Saunders and his orchestra have just recently come from the St. Regis Hotel in New York City where they played for several years uninterruptedly. —From an adv. in a Boston "Pops" program.

You sure it wasn't that Muzak thing?

GOVERNORS ISLAND-II



*"Haven't you
any maple-walnut?"*



R. BARLOW

Oath of Allegiance



"Any place to get postcards around here?"



Major George Fielding Eliot

SINCE Munich, Major George Fielding Eliot, the popular military expert who is sometimes advertised as America's outstanding authority on the war, has been heavily engaged on all the main journalistic fronts. Skillfully deploying himself, he has successfully assaulted most of the publishing strongholds in the New York area. Besides turning out a daily article of military comment, which appears in the *Herald Tribune* locally and in thirty-four other papers from coast to coast, he has stormed the book publishers with two vigorous volumes. He has engineered a turning movement toward the magazine field and directed a withering barrage along the entire front, running from the *New Republic* to the *Independent Woman*. With this hard campaign behind him, he has swept on to overrun the lecture platforms and the radio studios, delivering scores of lectures and analyzing the war from one to five times a week for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Such widespread use of his forces has led some observers to suggest that Major Eliot may be overextending his lines of communication. If the Major intends to top the literary output of the military wizards of the past, he still has, of course, some little distance to go. Caesar put out ten volumes of commentaries; Napoleon's correspondence and written works fill more than two dozen volumes; Karl von Clausewitz, the illustrious German military writer, who was perhaps the greatest theorist of them all, produced ten tomes, not counting two volumes of letters he dashed off to his wife; and Frederick the Great, when not too busy fighting the Seven Years' War and playing on his flute, knocked out twenty-four volumes of prose and

PROFILES

BUSINESS BEHIND THE LINES-I

six of verse. Still, all signs point to a record for Major Eliot. This war is young and the Major has just begun to write.

Major Eliot lives and sometimes works in a pleasant six-room apartment on upper Madison Avenue. The other members of the household are his wife, his secretary, and a colored maid named Janet. Only Janet wears a uniform. The Major's attractive wife, whom he addresses as Toots, usually ambles around the house in cerise silk lounging pajamas. His secretary, a pretty young lady with red hair, ordinarily wears a more conventional ensemble. Most of the time Major Eliot dresses in the casual boarding-house style affected by Major Hoople. Mapping strategy at his desk in the late afternoon, he is apt to be wearing a day's growth of whiskers, a damp white shirt unbuttoned at the neck, rumpled black trousers, gray silk socks unsupported by garters, and a pair of battered bedroom slippers. It is hard to imagine him in uniform. He is six feet tall and weighs some two hundred and thirty pounds. He has stooped shoulders, a formidable nose, graceful hands, and sagging jowls. Although the Major is only forty-eight and in good health, he normally looks as weary as if he had just returned from duty on the Russian front. Actually, he has seen no active service for about a quarter of a century, and there is slight prospect of his putting down his pen for the sword. He has been in readiness for the government to call upon him, but so far nothing has happened. He accepts the situation philosophically. "On the whole," he says, "I think I am doing something more useful." He is not the only one who thinks so. For his service on the journalistic firing line, Major Eliot earns an income said to be in the neighborhood of \$40,000 a year, or about five times the salary of General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

MAJOR ELIOT's income is, if anything, low for a man who is conceded by his competitors to be the founder and leader of a new American industry. This is called the military-expert industry. Since Joshua reported what happened at Jericho, men have written about war. There have been recorders of wars past, prophesiers of wars to

come, reporters who saw wars happen, and historians who told how and why they happened. But never before has a group of self-acknowledged experts, operating thousands of miles from the battle fronts, set themselves up in the business of selling omniscient, day-by-day dope about a war to the general public. It is a by-product of total war. The military-expert business is run by a bunch of men who, in the years between the 1918 armistice and Munich, comprised a kind of underprivileged national group. Born kibitzers, with what amounts to a tic of talking about war, the military experts, then still amateurs, were about as popular as the fans at the ballpark who insist on explaining, to anyone who will listen, the philosophy of the bunt. The apathy with which the experts were regarded was not the result of a public distaste for experts as a class. Americans love experts. During the agitated twenties, Dr. Coué was acclaimed for his eleven-word panacea, Freud was honored for discovering sex, and Wall Street diviners, like Evangeline Adams and Herbert Hoover, were sanctified for predicting, up to within a few hours of the crash, that our economic system would reach a plateau of permanent prosperity. Dr. Townsend was enshrined during the hard times of the thirties for promising fifty dollars on every maid's day out, Major Angus was feted for his exuberant economic notions, and Howard Scott was briefly glorified for thinking up Technocracy. However, through all these dark years of peace the military experts were as frustrated as Sir Basil Zaharoff. Lacking a major war, they had no raw material to work with and nothing to put on the market. A few of them wrote books in which they reprocessed some of the old wars, but the public was not much interested. Sitting on a high stool and wearing a green eyeshade, Major Eliot worked his way through many of these lean years as a Kansas City accountant. In 1929, another incipient military expert, who was later to turn up on the newspaper *PM* with the nom de plume of The General, was attending grammar school, wearing short pants.

Sitting in a classroom or on a book-keeper's bench, a boy or man who was interested in war as a hobby needed considerable imagination to see himself hailed within a decade as a profession-

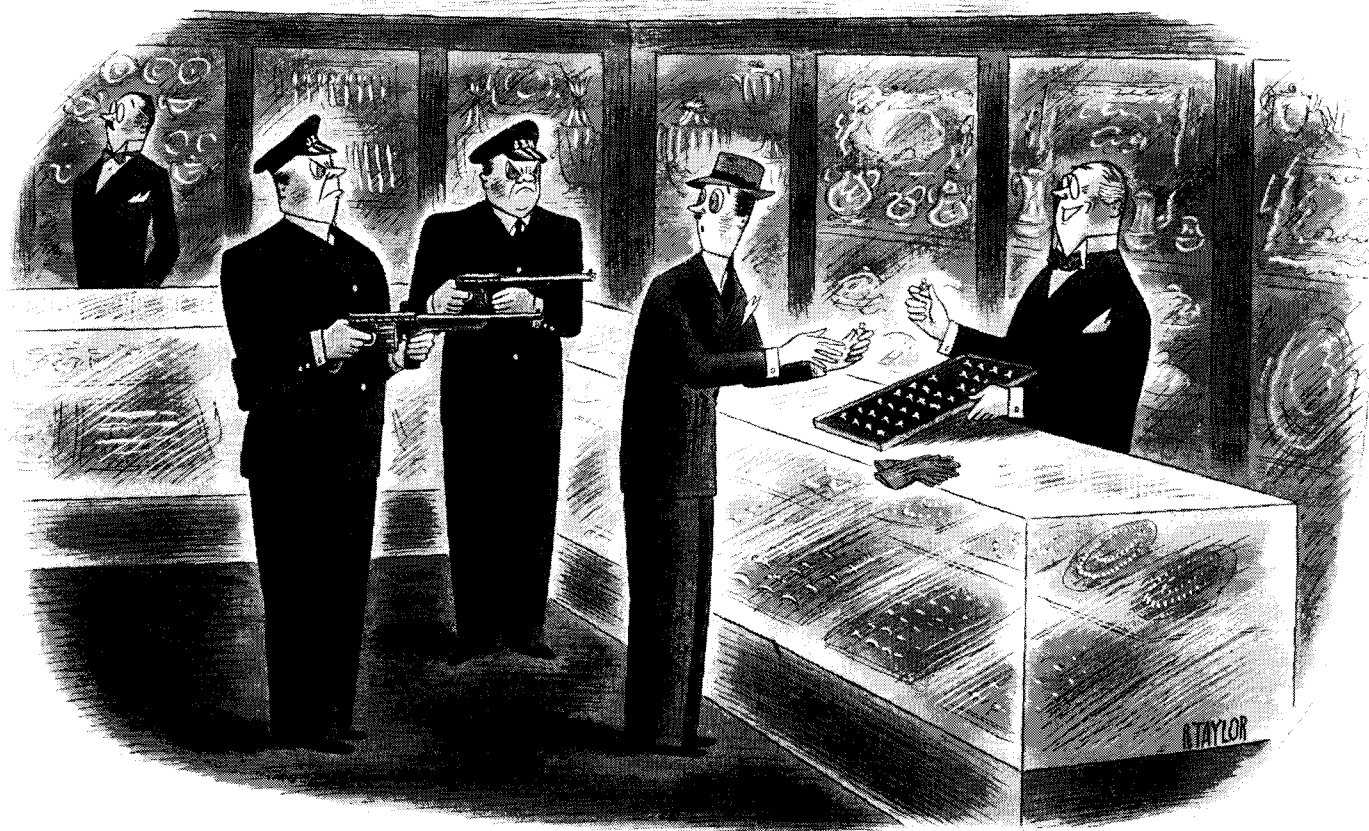
al military wizard. The potential experts had plenty of imagination. They were boys and men of vision and of faith. They read about war, talked about war, and made up war games to be played on their living-room floors. Instinctively, they always figured that they had something to sell, but it took a total war to create a market. Major Eliot and his colleagues suddenly found that, with such a war imminent, theretofore bored people would not only tolerantly listen to talk about their hobby but would pay for the privilege. The military experts had arrived. They were ready to cash in. Faced with a war too vast for any one individual to understand, censorship limiting the news and propaganda coloring it, this period has become the worst of times for bewildered citizens and the best of times for military experts. They produce the answers, perhaps a little vague or inconclusive, but always comfortingly authoritative in tone, nicely packaged, ready-made, and quotable, and they can be relied upon to deliver their product regularly, like milk. The military-expert business is booming, and only peace can stop it.

Mainly because he got in on the ground floor and now sells his goods to more customers than any of his competitors, Major Eliot is the acknowl-

edged grand old man of the military-expert industry. The business is largely in the hands of a group conveniently known in the field as the Big Five. In addition to the Major, there are Fletcher Pratt, military consultant to *Time* and author of a column of military comment which is syndicated to fifty newspapers here and abroad by the Overseas News Service and until recently appeared in the *New York Post*; Hanson W. Baldwin of the *Times*; Lowell Limpus of the *News*; and The General of *PM*. The eminence of these five can be judged by the fact that their combined output is distributed in this country and abroad to an audience of approximately one hundred million customers. Considering the market, the expert industry would seem to qualify as big business, but in other respects it bears more resemblance to a cottage industry. Like weavers before the Industrial Revolution, the experts are able to turn out their product in their homes, they employ simple tools, and they are loosely organized along the lines of the thirteenth-century craft guilds. Like the medieval guildsmen, who got together to protect their trade monopoly and one another, the experts have banded together, in an informal way, for their joint protection. An expert would ap-

parently as soon blaspheme his mother as utter a single uncomplimentary syllable about a brother expert's product or craftsmanship. When Major Eliot, at dinner parties, speaks of Hanson Baldwin, for example, he refers to the *Times* expert as "the best military man in town, whom I love like a brother." Baldwin says nice things about the Major, whom he calls George. Fletcher Pratt has nothing but good to say of Eliot, whom he calls George, and of Baldwin, whom he calls Hans. Hans and George both agree that Pratt, known familiarly as Fletch, is also top rank, the customary term of approbation used by professional swivel-chair strategists. Limpus and The General are also unable to disguise their admiration for their colleagues.

IT would be difficult to comprehend Major Eliot's preëminence among the guildsmen without glancing briefly at his benevolent competitors. Sartorially, his toughest competitor is Fletcher Pratt. A perky, bespectacled little man of forty-five with a bulging forehead and a wispy mustache, Pratt specializes in naval warfare and picturesque apparel. He favors droopy tweeds, noisy plaid shirts, and orange foulard neckties, and in cold weather he shrouds himself in an exotic fur coat that trails the



"Don't be alarmed, sir. Just a little precaution we always take."

SEPTEMBER 5, 1942



"You don't realize how sick you are of seeing nothing but uniforms until you get away from them."

floor. The coat, a rare possession, is made of genuine Australian wombat and cost \$3,500. Sweeping around in his wombat, in an accurate impersonation of the late Paul McCullough, Pratt sets a dazzling sartorial pace for his fellow-experts. Pratt spent his childhood on an Indian reservation near Buffalo, where

his father was employed as an overseer. He was born too late to see any Indian fighting, and during the First World War he was employed by the War Library Association, which collected books for men at the front. After the war he spent several years on the staffs of assorted small literary month-

lies which failed, and then he began to write fiction. He became a military expert about ten years ago, shortly after selling a haunting story to a pulp magazine about an invasion of Madagascar by giant octopuses, which ate up half the inhabitants.

Pratt has developed into such a stern military critic that he looks down his nose at Julius Caesar. The greatest Roman of them all, Pratt points out in one of his books, "never became a great general," his strategy was "hackneyed and obvious," and his tactics were "infantile." With the same severity, Pratt analyzes the strategy and tactics of the present war from a bizarre apartment in the Chelsea section, where he lives with his wife, a cat, and a half-dozen caged monkeys—four noisy marmosets and two Humboldt's woollies. He composes at a desk near the monkeys' cages, and his writing is lively. His style, he said once in an interview, derives from the Icelandic sagas, Carlyle, Macaulay, and Winchell. He finds this unique blend handy in his work at *Time*, to which he gives advice on military matters and goes over manuscripts looking for technical errors. Unlike Major Eliot, who can always see a ray of sunshine in even the most thunderous Allied reverses, Pratt is almost invariably harshly pessimistic. Analyzing the recent battle of the Coral Sea, for example, he rushed into print with the shivering, syndicated observation that it looked "like a defeat, a bad one." His conclusion was based largely on the fact that our fleet was going in what seemed to him to be

the wrong direction. By the next day Pratt, but not the fleet, had made a U turn. "This," he wrote, referring to the battle he had lost the day before, "is a victory." The day after that he disappeared from the columns of the *Post* and has not been heard from locally since. In contrast to Pratt's mercurial

behavior, Major Eliot's reaction to the Coral Sea engagement was serene; from the beginning he appraised it as a victory, though "only the first round," in a cool, shrewd analysis implying that we could expect to see more fighting in the Pacific before the war was over.

Notwithstanding Major Eliot's glowing recommendation, Hanson Baldwin, the Major's fraternal competitor on the *Times*, works under a double handicap in the expert business. He is an Annapolis graduate and an experienced reporter. The only one of the Big Five to have graduated from either the United States Military or Naval Academy, Baldwin spent three years on active duty as an ensign and a lieutenant (j.g.) after completing his course at Annapolis in 1924. He began his newspaper career on the *Baltimore Sun*, switching to the *Times* as a general reporter a couple of years later. Since 1937, he has had the title of military and naval correspondent. Now thirty-nine, tall, and lean, Baldwin looks as earnest as a clergyman and writes in a vein as grave and irreproachable as a funeral oration. In contrast to the negligee Eliot, he never gets down to work until he is dressed, shaved, brushed, pressed, and looking very sharp.

Perhaps Major Eliot's breeziest competition is furnished by Limpus, of the *Daily News* and the only guildsman whose military career has been directly influenced by General MacArthur. It happens that MacArthur was superintendent of West Point in 1922, when Limpus was expelled for flunking an examination. Born in Alpine, Indiana, forty-four years ago, the *News* expert's martial exploits have had a consistently abortive cast. He was a soldier in France during the World War, thus sharing with Major Eliot the distinction of being one of the two big-time military experts who have actually been in a war, and, though he failed to see any fighting, he attained the rank of regimental sergeant major. Even in the Reserves, which he joined in 1923, he did not exactly flourish. Shortly after being promoted to a captaincy, he flunked his physical examination and was transferred to the inactive list. Except when he dabbles in military affairs, Limpus seems to avoid his peculiar hex. He has been employed by the *News* as a reporter and feature writer since 1924 without any noticeable trouble. As a political writer before the current war, he had produced several books about civic figures as well as a history of the local Fire Department. These accom-

THE NIBLICK, PLEASE, CONDUCTOR

Once there was a golfer named Mr. Brownie, and he was a duffer,
And he used to suffer.

But I don't want to be misunderstood—

He suffered chiefly not because he was bad but because he thought he was good
Because his regular game was 101, and if he had never broken 100 his disposition
would have been fine.

But one day, eleven years ago, playing winter rules with a following wind and a
dozen conceded putts, he turned in an 89,

Since when he has never been the same,

Because he has ever since been off his game.

And once there was a railroad named the Baltimore & Tomsk, and it too had
grandiose delusions,

And it jumped at conclusions,

And although no one to the B. & T. than I could be loyaler,

I am sorry that they once made a four-hour non-stop run between Tomsk and
Baltimore with a locomotive and baggage car, paced by a motorcycle,
with the engineer smoking marijuana and benzedrine in the boiler,

Because now they think they can dispatch a fourteen-car train with six scheduled
stops and a flag stop and its time between Tomsk and Baltimore
will still be the same,

And they quote four hours as their regular running time, just as Mr. Brownie
quotes 89 as his regular game.

Does it please you, dear B. & T., that your timetable should be Mr. Brownie's
score card's mate?

Remember that a passenger would rather arrive on time on a four-hour-and-
fifty-minute schedule than expect a four-hour trip and arrive fifty
minutes late.

—OGDEN NASH

plishments, together with his oddly sensational military background, qualified him, in the opinion of the *News* management, as a military expert. Limpus differs from Major Eliot in being an exponent of the gee-whizz school of military analysis. He thinks of the war as a gigantic chess game, reports it as if it were a sporting event, and roots like a cheerleader for our fellows to win. In conversation he refers to big generals by their first names and carries around their autographed pictures.

The only competitor who outranks Major Eliot is the anonymous character known to *PM* readers as The General. There has been a rather high turnover in *PM* generals, but the one who is spoken

of among the staff as *The General* is a downy-faced youth of twenty-six named Leonard Engel, who was the first to hold the command and only recently resigned. *PM*'s General (ret.) has been described as no bigger than the whiskey in a weak highball, but actually he stands something over five feet and weighs close to a hundred and thirty pounds. Unlike Limpus, one of whose grandfathers commanded a Northern volunteer company in the Civil War, or Pratt, both of whose grandfathers served in the Union Army, or Eliot, whose wife's father was a Confederate trooper, Engel boasts that he has nothing military whatever in his background. Engel, tense, dark, and loaded with exposés, became a military expert rather late in life, having first toyed with the ideas of careers as a geneticist, a chemist, or an anthropologist, and then taken a job as an aeronautical writer on *Time*. He left this job a few days before *PM* began publication, when, he says, Marshall Field called him up and asked if he wanted to be a general. The newspaper, Engel learned, had engaged an elderly, retired major general of artillery to write its war column but had discovered that the old gentleman's copy sounded like something on the French and Indian War. Engel was commissioned to ghost for



the retired officer, but was soon operating almost entirely on his own, turning out sensational scoops, such as the column which appeared a couple of days before the Nazis invaded Russia clearly proving such a move unthinkable. Wearying of the rigors of *PM* military life, Engel resigned his commission last fall. His post was filled by I. F. Stone, a member of *PM*'s Washington bureau, who soon got tired of playing general and requested a demotion. The war column is currently being prepared by a former press agent and reporter named Charles A. Michie. The old major general has watched the younger men come and go, sticking to his post and giving each new general his fatherly guidance. Although

retired from active duty, Engel is still a practicing expert. He was called in recently by *Fortune* as a consultant on an article concerning the Russian Army, and he is rushing work on a comprehensive book about war for Random House. "They look forward to it as the most important book of the decade," Engel told one of his friends the other day. He was called up recently by his draft board. Because he has something known as congenital ocular nystagmus, the ex-General was rejected by the Army.

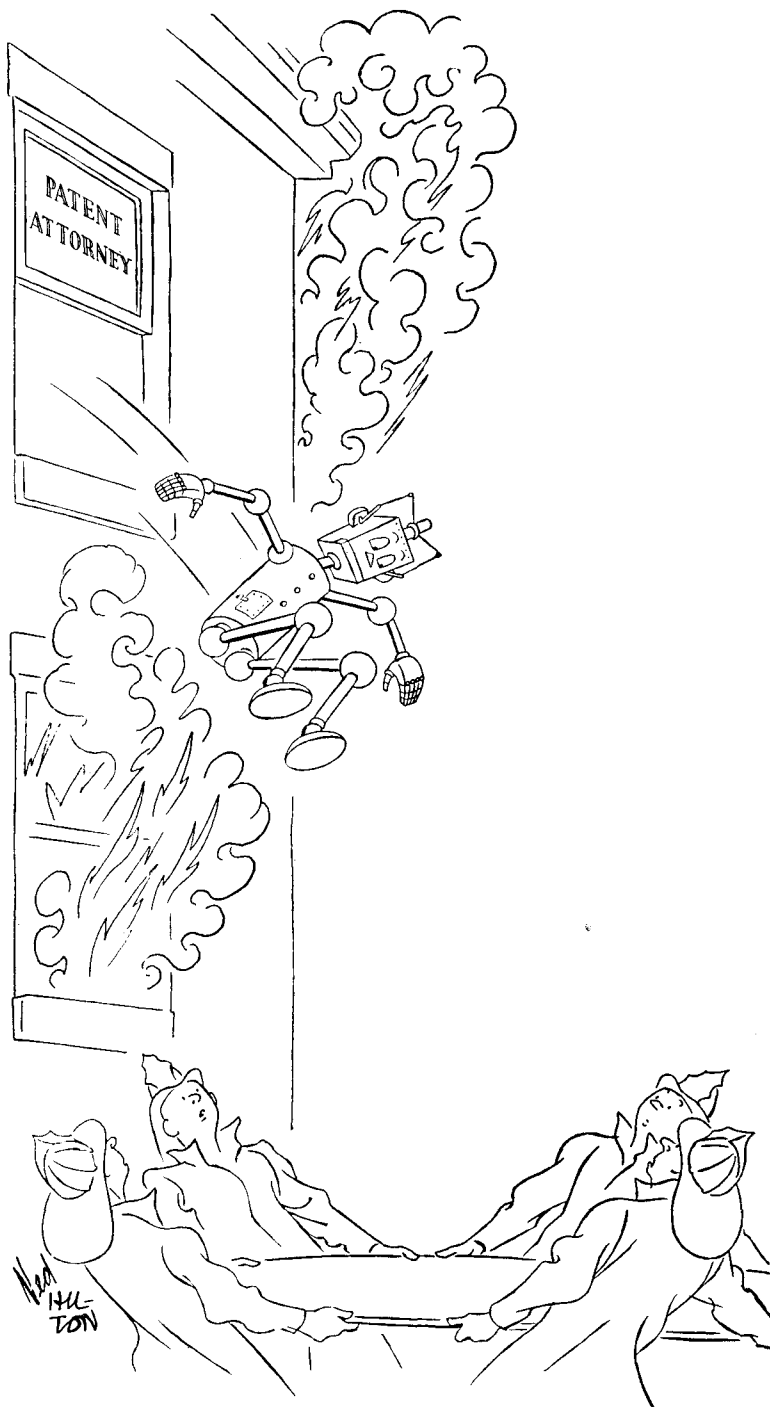
WITH men who know the experts best, it's the Major two to one. By most independent readers, Major Eliot is regarded as the stronger, the deeper,

the naturally finer type of expert. No one else can deliver a military dictum with the Major's overwhelming force. This is because he is a master of military double-talk, a jargon peculiar to military experts and perhaps the biggest trick of their trade. The hallmark of a genuine expert is a specialized vocabulary, heavily weighted with military words and phrases that were once almost the exclusive property of chiefs of staff. As a result of their education by the experts, even laymen can now spruce up their conversation with such words as "deploy," "terrain," "matériel," "task force," "theatre of operations," and "pincers movement." Using this colorful language, the Major could make a collision between two rowboats on the lake in Central Park sound like the Battle of Jutland. "On the south face of the Smolensk salient," a typically informative dispatch reads, "the Russians appear to be counter-attacking in considerable strength. There is as yet no certainty that the Germans have crossed the Dnieper in force anywhere along the line from Smolensk to Orsha, Mogilev and Rogachev. . . . This shoulder of the salient appears to be holding fast; and it is always possible that if the Russians can make good the line of the Dnieper on the front indicated, and can collect strong counter-attacking forces, they may be able to debouch from this river with telling effect against the flank and rear of the German troops in the vicinity of Vitebsk." Sometimes it is easier to decode. For instance:

We ought to give thought, not only to our concentration of offensive power against our objective in the main theater, but the security of our base, our lines of communication, our strategic flanks, and our interests in other parts of the world.

In the foregoing warning Major Eliot is clearly rendering into professional double-talk the Boy Scout motto, "Be Prepared."

Major Eliot's military comments may be impressive enough in print, but they are unforgettable on the air. To hear the Major talk for thirty seconds is to be convinced of his uncontestable vocal superiority over his competitors. He has a voice as sedative as a bored bullfrog's. In a hypnotic baritone he reports momentous events with the verve of a clerk broadcasting daily quotations on the Chicago livestock market. The Major always, whether orally or in print, makes it crystal-clear that opportunities are golden, experience is bitter, flies are in the ointment, and, regardless of how famine may gnaw at the vitals, nobody can have his cake and eat it too

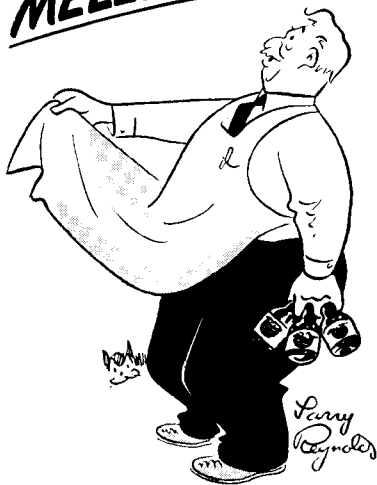


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without winding up in a grave dilemma. His command of the well-established idiom is excelled only by his ability to sweep aside whatever is extraneous and penetrate to the very heart of any subject. On the Selective Service measure, when it was being debated in Congress, the Major sagely remarked:

The purpose of any draft bill is to make available sufficient manpower for the defense of the nation.

On the repeal of the arms embargo in 1939:

We have taken a step which may be of material assistance to one set of belligerents and of proportionate material injury to the other.

On the submarine menace last winter:

The increasing rate of sinkings of merchant vessels in American coastal waters is a cause for the gravest concern.

On last spring's campaign in the Crimea:

The Russians have made initial gains, but whether they will be able to expand these into decisive accomplishments will depend largely on the forces available to each side which can be brought to bear in this theater.

On the second front:

There are risks to be taken if the war is to be won. Among those risks, we might well weigh the chances of an invasion of Norway—it would certainly bring us great and immediate advantages if it could be successfully accomplished.

Although Major Eliot usually prefers his prose ungarnished, like the meat and potatoes which comprise his favorite dish, he occasionally permits himself a sprinkling of literary parsley. Scolding the Russians during the Finnish war for putting up loudspeakers and harrasing the enemy with propaganda, the Major let his words take wing:

Grim old Suvarov must be turning in his grave, and the shade of Nikolai Nikolaievitch blushing with shame. Not by such means did Russian armies storm the redoubts of Plevna or scale the icy slopes of the fortress of Erzerum.

A reader of Major Eliot's column is occasionally inclined to get the feeling that, though the Major is less terse than he might be, his words of embellishment are as soothing as a light massage. For example, the Major discusses a possible German attempt to invade England:

Initially, this will be a contest of air power plus sea power. Germany's conquests on the continent have been due to her admirable coördination of air and land power. In order to produce the same combination in England, it is necessary for Germany to get her land power to the island, across the water. Her sea power is very small, comparatively. It is on her air power that she must depend for the preparatory work, and for the major part of the escort duty. Her air power must break

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down British resistance at the point of landing or landings, and protect against British sea power the German land power while it is on the way across the intervening water, during which time it is helpless to protect itself.

MAJOR ELIOT's day, which begins around nine, when he rises, slips into his bathrobe and bedroom slippers, and shuffles off to breakfast, is roughly as exciting as that of any typical small manufacturer engaged in turning out war goods. Like most other entrepreneurs favorably affected by the war, the Major has recently expanded his plant. Until several weeks ago, he always prepared his product in a back room of his apartment, assisted only by his secretary. Now he is installed in spacious quarters on the fourteenth floor of the Herald Tribune Building on West Forty-first Street, and employs a staff of four. The office walls are lined with several hundred books, pamphlets, and magazines, the floor is carpeted in a rich blue which matches the heavy drapes, maps abound (including a pin-studded map of the world covering nearly an entire wall of the Major's private office), the furniture is highly polished, and everything, except the Major, looks very slick. He smokes cigarettes constantly, letting them burn down to a dangerously short stub and allowing the ash to drop off and flutter down over his clothes. In addition to his secretary, the office staff consists of a switchboard operator, a filing clerk, and an executive assistant. The latter, a former dancer and actress who assists in gathering material and planning articles, is an expert, in her own right, on ocean shipping.

Except on the occasions when Major Eliot spends the day working at home, he arrives at his office around eleven. After handling his mail, which ordinarily includes a couple of letters from inventors trying to enlist his interest in designs for unsinkable battleships or plans for setting afire the surface of the Rio Grande to forestall an invasion via Mexico, he turns to the military news of the day. His usually reliable sources include radio broadcasts, newspapers and popular magazines, Army and Navy service journals, press releases from a number of government departments, and a variety of dope sheets, like the Kiplinger and the White-

hall letters. The Major dictates everything, from his newspaper column to his books. He is reluctant to say just how long he spends preparing a daily column, but he has a reputation of being a very speedy worker. Whereas other radio commentators may spend five or six hours writing a script, Major Eliot has such a thorough grasp of his subject that he can work up his remarks in something like thirty minutes. As a rule, the Major spends six days a month in Washington. Apparently because of his position as a war industry leader, he never

talks much, even when prodded, about his excursions to the capital, where he is often seen at off-the-record press conferences open to certain accredited journalists. He says he picks up much of his background information on these secret missions talking with the men on duty in the public-relations office of the War Department, but such a statement is

probably the result of over-modesty.

Being the dean of military experts is a responsibility that weighs heavily on the Major. Like the other men in the industry, he believes it is his mission to contribute to molding what he calls "an informed and vigilant public opinion." Large-scale educational efforts of this kind are bound to take a long time and suffer a few reverses. Some Army men, perhaps because of professional jealousy, are inclined to make fun of the entire military-expert industry. They are fond of repeating a fanciful story about how Major Eliot once prepared an impressive article in which he explained that certain rapid Russian troop movements during the Finnish war had been made possible by a railroad which, it turned out later, didn't exist. Humorists in the War Department named the mythical line in honor of its intrepid builder. It has become accepted military procedure to explain perplexing troop movements with the brief comment: "Moved via Major Eliot Railway."

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

(This is the first of two articles on Major Eliot.)

THE SEXES AT CAMBRIDGE

[From the Harvard Crimson]

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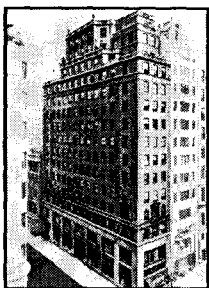
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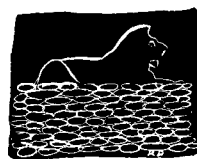


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LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 30 (BY CABLE)

TO a nation hungry for decisive action, half a loaf is certainly better than none, even if it has to be made to last a long time. The Dieppe raid is still being chewed over by press and public, both of which earnestly hope that it was merely an appetizer before the real *plat du jour*. On the whole, informed opinion here seems to hold that the operation was worth its considerable costliness if only because it forced the Luftwaffe to part with some of its fighter strength, which usually remains prudently grounded when the R.A.F. goes over in daylight sweeps. The effect on public morale was immediate throughout England. According to reports from various pits and factories in the industrial Midlands, output for the day when the news first broke was stepped up to a new and enthusiastic high by workers who believed, in spite of the B.B.C.'s careful early-morning warnings to the contrary, that the expedition was the genuine article after all. It's not recorded how much production slumped when it was disappointedly realized that the boys were home again as advertised.



Now the public seems to have returned to its pre-Dieppe condition of watchful waiting while trying to decide how bad the Russian news is and how good the Solomon Islands news may be when complete information, so far lacking, turns up on the subject. There's also anxious discussion over British tea-cups and beer mugs of the surprising calm in India, of the lull in the Middle East, and of what the real results of Mr. Churchill's visit to Moscow may have been. Although few people, incidentally, seem to connect Dieppe with the Kremlin conversations, there's a strong local tendency to look upon the official lifting of the ban upon the *Daily Worker* as a sort of graceful bread-and-butter letter to Stalin.

THOUGH the revival of the *Daily Worker* may have convinced the diehard minority that England is leaning more and more to the Left, monarchy received a big but melancholy boost last week. The death of the Duke of Kent put an end to any old ideas that there's a divinity doth hedge a king or his younger relations from the unnatural shocks which a commoner's flesh is heir to. At the time of the blitzes on London, civilian morale was stiffened by

pictures of the King and Queen standing against backgrounds of the same sort of splintered mess to which the bombers were reducing homes everywhere. Now that violent death in the service of one's country has been added to royalty's obligations, commonly represented by extremist elements as consisting mainly of opening charity bazaars and sitting back to collect large incomes, the popularity of the throne is likely to soar.

The obituary notices have contained the usual extravagances, such as somebody's surely overloyal description of the Duke as "one of the best letter writers of his age," but notwithstanding all the inevitable sycophancy, the fact has emerged that the general public, which forms its own opinions, is sincerely sorry that the last bit of Edwardian charm has been removed from the now uniformly sober Georgian scene. As the *Times* said of the Duke, "He had a personal popularity such as was enjoyed by his eldest brother and grandfather." One of the most common comments among ordinary Londoners has been, "I'm sorry for his mother." Although Queen Mary contents herself pretty much these days with the quiet potterings of an elderly country lady, the affectionate public never forgets her on any of the occasions, mournful or otherwise, when royalty is in the news.

THIS being the time of year when the English summer usually begins to make its excuses, Britons' thoughts are turning gloomily toward a possibly chilly autumn and a downright shivering winter. The fuel problem remains a grave one, which so far hasn't been drastically tackled. Plans for coal rationing seem at the moment to have been replaced by a sort of honor system whereby householders are asked to fix their own fuel "target" and appoint a member of the family to keep an eye on the gas meter and the boiler gauge. Maybe this public-school sort of appeal will do the trick, but it is most people's cynical guess that it won't.

If reports of bumper harvests in the country are reliable, Britons may be cold this winter but they shouldn't be hungry. At the same time, it's more than likely that they'll be increasingly shabby, since the president of the Board of Trade has just announced that the next issue of clothing coupons must be made to last nearly six months instead of five. "Anybody who retains his

natural hair," the president added with apparent inconsequence, "ought to go without a hat," thereby setting rumors afoot that headgear would shortly be placed on the list of rationed articles. Lately, the buying public has not been feeling too kindly toward the Board of Trade, which has been accused of setting Mephistophelian *agents provocateurs* onto hapless Faustian shopkeepers and tempting them to sell goods without receiving the proper coupons for them. It's claimed that a man representing himself as a customer quite obviously soaked to the skin will turn up in, say, a haberdashery with a story of having got caught in the rain and a plea to the shopkeeper's good nature to trust him for the coupons and save him from pneumonia. When the kindhearted haberdasher consents to sell the man a change of clothes and wait for the coupons, the customer flings aside his sodden disguise, presents his credentials as a representative of the Board of Trade, and imposes a stiff fine. Wrathful Britons say that this sort of behavior isn't British and smacks of the Gestapo. What's more, they point out, any genuinely teeth-chattering customers will probably in the future be allowed to go right ahead and die of pneumonia, since potential good Samaritans will be too suspicious to lift a finger to help them.

LONDON at the moment is a boom town, owing mostly to the money of the American troops on leave. Restaurants, bars, and theatres are packed, and so is every means of transport and every square inch of living space. Strangers crowd together in shared taxis and amiably double up in the matter of hotel bathrooms. Whatever gaiety there is, however, is principally manufactured by the boys to whom war is still a novelty. To British men and women entering their fourth year of it next week and wondering if Stalingrad will have fallen by then, life is largely grim rather than gay these critical but by no means despondent days.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

WHICH SECTION OF THE "TIMES" D'YA READ?

Henry J. Kaiser's urge to build things has taken many turns. He started as a shoestring road contractor, turned to building dams. Boulder, Bonneville, Grand Coulee are his products.—*The Times*, Section 4, August 9th.

This man's name is Frank Arthur Banks... He is the builder of Grand Coulee.—*The Times*, Section 7, August 9th.

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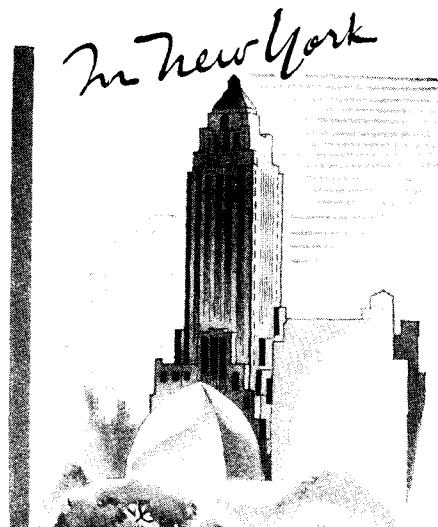
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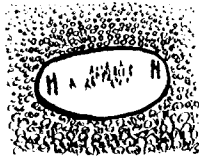
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NOTES ON SPORTS

August Auspice

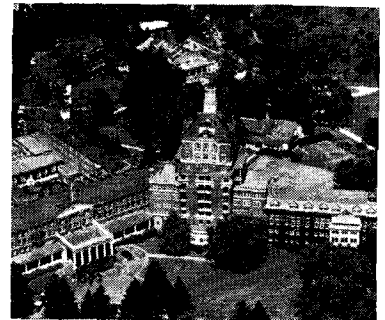


THE local football season, if you want to call it that, had its opener, if you could call it that, last Sunday afternoon. What with freshmen being eligible for varsity teams, and final examinations, ordinarily a spring sport, coming in September to plague the athletes, things looked bizarre enough this year without the strange circumstances that surrounded Sunday's game. It was between two professional teams, the Green Bay Packers and the Brooklyn Dodgers, which aren't scheduled to play each other again. This was just an exhibition which Dan Topping, the owner of the Dodgers, had thought of holding for Navy Relief. He picked an August date when Ebbets Field would be empty and probably expected to draw a few confused baseball Dodger fans. Then the Navy Relief Society found that it had reached its quota for the moment and didn't need the money right away. Some other time, perhaps. Well, the game was held anyhow, although after a day's postponement on account of rain, a natural phenomenon that is generally ignored by football players. Most bizarre of all was that, for the first time in their rough experience with Green Bay, it looked as though the Dodgers were going to win. They were ahead for three periods and finally lost by a miserable five points, 21-16.

Meanwhile, the All-Army team, which is to play the New York Giants (still football) on September 12th, was rehearsing in New Haven on a Yale field. Its coach, Colonel Robert Neyland, formerly of Tennessee, had made one or two severe remarks about its early performances, and so had sports experts of the *Yale Daily News*, who were apparently not awed by the sight of all these former college and professional heroes. One *News* man said that the soldiers' blocking was not crisp. However, the sports editor of the *Herald Tribune*, which is promoting the game for the benefit of Army Emergency Relief and its own Fresh Air Fund, went up to take a look for himself and came back reassured. He said that the team was a surprisingly polished outfit, that its spirit was fine, and that "crisp" was a collegiate word anyway. This department, after an investigation

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of its own, is inclined to side with the *Herald Tribune* agent, except on that last point. Any bullying he does along those lines is apt to boomerang, because Yale sports writers have been modeling their vocabularies for years after the *Herald Tribune* and the *Times*.

Yale's own team has also started practice. Howard Odell, its newest new coach, has confessed that he is upset by this final-exam business, and if the coach is upset, you can guess how the players feel. This used to be the time of year when they could concentrate on their football for a good two months, counting on a quick call at the Rosenbaum Tutoring School in early November to straighten out any scholastic kinks that might develop. Another problem at New Haven, and a not so unusual one, is the shortage of material. Only three regulars are back, and only one of them carries the ball, a job which they've had a lot of trouble filling up there for some years now. Also in line with recent Blue experience, though, is the presence of Spencer Moseley, this year's captain and a very good centre. That position has been filled by some peachy precedents in Beckwith, Gallagher, and Platt during the last six years.

THE national tennis championships, now in progress at Forest Hills, have drawn pretty well as compared with expectations, or at least they drew unexpectedly well in the early rounds. Last Friday's attendance, of course, could be accounted for right down to the last fraction of a customer by the fact that Miss Jinx Falkenburg was still in the tournament. She stayed in it for just two sets, which is all that Mrs. Madge Vosters, her opponent, saw fit to let her play. Miss Falkenburg demonstrated a fact that is probably not generally realized among movie fans—that a Hollywood career is hell on a girl's backhand. Mrs. Vosters, at the same time, showed that not all the cuties go to Hollywood. —D. L.

PLEA FOR TOLERANCE

Washington's tempers were terrible,
Wagner's conceit was unbearable,
Nero was fond of atrocities,
Milton had strong animosities,
Bacon was tainted with jobbery,
Shakespeare had leanings to snobbery,
Huxley was full of Darwinities,
Lincoln split rails and infinitives,
Ovid wrote stuff hardly mailable,
No one is quite unassailable.

—ARTHUR GUTTERMAN



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A cool five ounces of pleasure!

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A temperature-cutter de luxe!

Why, your very first sip has scarce
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MY CAREER AS AN ALIEN

THE activities of the Dies Committee are too multifarious for me to follow very closely, but there was one item about them in the newspapers not long ago which captured my attention. This was a brief paragraph saying that the Committee was seeking to introduce a bill which would prevent any alien from holding office in the federal service. Possibly such a law is needed today, but I'm glad a similar one was never passed during the first World War; if it had been, I would have been out of a job I particularly enjoyed.

As a matter of fact, the entire period of my federal service as an alien rises through the mists of memory as one long, happy lark. During 1917 and 1918 I worked without vacations or holidays, six and often seven days a week, but even under these conditions it did not seem really tough. The Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot, where I worked, went through so many reorganizations and suffered so many changes of commissioned personnel that there was never a dull moment for us civilian employees. When I remember all the emergency-created colonels, all the unmilitary majors, and all the dynamic dollar-a-year men with which the old Quartermaster Corps was afflicted, I marvel that the Army was ever clothed and fed under such a cockeyed setup. They tell me that it is all very different nowadays and that the War Department is (in comparison, anyway) a model of efficiency. I am cheered by this news, but I can't help being grateful to the crazy state of the old supply service which enabled me to hold an exalted job while I was still a junior miss.

Even in 1918, of course, the life of an alien had its difficulties. The fact that I was a British subject holding down a minor post in the War Department eventually brought the Secret Service to my door. This had its terrifying aspects at first, but alarm was needless; the proceedings turned out to be gay rather than grim.

MY mother and I were living in Philadelphia in 1917, and I was just past sixteen when I left a secretarial school to take a job at the old Schuylkill Arsenal as a "temporary clerk (stenographer-typist)." War expansion had

exhausted the Civil Service lists, so the depot quartermaster was authorized to employ workers wherever he could get them, such outsiders being expected later to take the Civil Service examination and be sworn into office. After going to work, I duly filed application with the local Civil Service board, only to find myself declared ineligible by virtue of having been born in Montreal, of British parents.

To be classed as an alien came as a complete surprise to me. I had lived in the United States nearly as much as in Canada and had spent a lively childhood defending Americans to Canadian schoolmates one year, and defending the British cause to Americans the next. In this way I had come to fancy I could be whichever nationality I chose, and when America entered the war I had definitely lined myself up with her. It was a blow to realize that, because of my age, I wouldn't be able to attain citizenship for another five years.

There seemed to be no course open to the depot quartermaster but to fire me. Colonel X was a man of fine feelings, however, and presumably he hoped to ease the shock of my dismissal by making a little speech to me before he struck me off the payroll. At any rate, I was summoned formally to his office, and while he was looking over my papers an idea occurred to him. Why, he asked himself and me, couldn't he keep me as a temporary employee as long as the emergency need for stenographers exceeded the number of Civil Service eligibles? This was indeed a wonderful thought, and it was still more wonderful when he wrote the local Civil Service secretary and obtained his official consent.



MY career in the depot progressed famously during the next year. Many of the male clerks enlisted or were drafted, while others went into war industries at higher wages. Because of continued expansion and a rapid turnover in personnel, I soon found myself one of the "old" employees, and before I was eighteen I was chief clerk of a division, with some thirty civilians and eighteen enlisted men under my supervision. I have often wondered since what these soldiers thought of their assignment. I don't remember that the

situation impressed me as unusual, and if the boys resented it, I lived in blissful ignorance. By the time I was a chief clerk so many extraordinary things had happened to the entire personnel of the depot that the rapidity of my own advancement had ceased to astonish me.

Early in 1918 a group of Washington officials (whom we at the depot came to call "the pixies") began a series of reorganizations of the Quartermaster Corps in the field. Every few weeks one of these pixies had an idea designed to revolutionize the supply service, and all production and paperwork were slowed down while the new system was installed. They tried everything except having the uniforms made underground by their cousins the leprechauns, and I'm sure they would have reached that if the war had lasted a bit longer. These upheavals sent all our young West Point officers off to the psychiatric ward of Walter Reed Hospital, so no more West Pointers were assigned to Philadelphia. It wasn't until the A.E.F. came back from France that I again worked for an officer who had had any military training.

One of the most remarkable experiments which were tried on us was that of having the Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot run by insurance men. Our Colonel was suddenly ordered to another station and the command of the depot was taken over by a bustling dollar-a-year civilian who had spent his life selling insurance. This gentleman had many friends in the insurance world, to whom commissions as majors and captains were immediately given and who were all sent to Philadelphia to run the Quartermaster Corps. The civilian chief lasted only a short time, but many of his Hartford friends were less lucky.

My division got one of these fire-and-accident experts, a Major Browning. He was a grizzly old fellow who had accepted a quartermaster commission impulsively and regretted it as soon as he saw where it landed him. For months he spent his entire time trying to get transferred to a combatant branch of the service, meantime leaving me to head the work of the division. His gratitude to me at being relieved of these duties was sincere, but so often and publicly expressed that it nearly cost me my job.

"God bless my soul!" said Major Browning, coming into my office one day. "God bless my soul, there's a Secret Service man sitting in the new C.O.'s office, waiting to see you. What the devil have you been doing to get the Secret Service on your trail?"

I hadn't the remotest idea, and I

trembled as I went upstairs to find out.

The new Commanding Officer, the Executive Officer, and a keen-looking young Secret Service man were all lined up behind desks when I entered. Consternation and deep dismay were plainly visible on the face of the Secret Service man the minute he saw me. I felt more nervous than ever.

"Marion Sturges-Jones?" queried the C.O., and when I nodded he went on, "What is your work in Major Browning's division?"

"Why, I'm his chief clerk," I managed to answer.

"How old are you?"

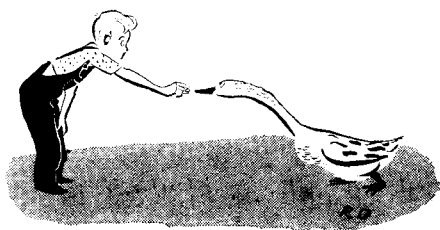
"I'll be eighteen my next birthday," I said.

The C.O. stared at me. "Oh, my God!" he said, and got to his feet. He made a motion for the Executive Officer to get up also. They looked at each other silently a moment and then both burst out laughing. The Secret Service man began to grin, so I giggled a little from relief. By then I felt that there might be a penalty less than death.

"You carry on," said the C.O. to the Secret Service man. "You won't need *us* for this." He gave me another incredulous stare. "I was told about the Philadelphia depot before I came here, but I didn't believe half I heard." He threw up his hands and went out.

The Secret Service man couldn't be very formal after that. He showed me the document which had caused the investigation—a typewritten, anonymous letter addressed to the Secretary of War telling about a dangerous alien named Marion Sturges-Jones who was holding down an important job that should be given to an American citizen. The letter was a masterpiece of vituperation, but I was never more flattered in my life than by its assertion that "this alien works for a Major who she wraps around her little finger and who no doubt tells her all his military secrets." The fact that everyone seemed to think this a howling joke had little effect on the satisfaction it afforded me.

WE never discovered the writer of that anonymous letter, but it turned out that he couldn't have fixed things more happily for everyone. As a result of it the whole question of my



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citizenship was taken up with the Quartermaster General and the Civil Service Commissioner in Washington, and they ultimately approved the C.O.'s recommendation that, pending citizenship, I be allowed to take the examination and be sworn into office as a "friendly alien." This disposed of any future trouble about my status and left me in a perfectly secure position. Major Browning was a trifle embarrassed about the letter at first, but after he had assured the C.O. that he had never had a military secret to his name and only wished to God he *had*, they transferred him to the Artillery and, to his great delight, sent him overseas. Even the C.O. got a break, because the investigation which followed the anonymous letter gave him an opportunity to unload all the remaining insurance men who were gumming up the works at the depot.

The young Secret Service man was the only one who felt let down. He admitted to me that he had hoped he was at last getting a beautiful woman spy to investigate, and he said I could imagine his feelings when he first saw *me*. He was a good sport about it, however, and when Mother let me lengthen my skirts that autumn he took me to the theatre a couple of times.

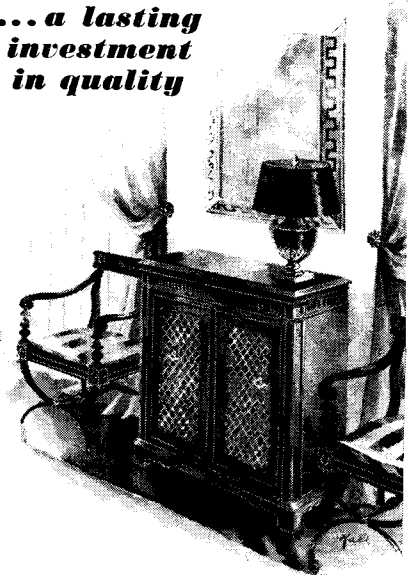
—MARION STURGES-JONES

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[Adv. in the Herald Tribune]

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A REPORTER IN BED

STATION HOSPITAL

BEING admitted to an Army hospital is a little like taking the subway during the rush hour—you have a hell of a time getting in, and a hell of a time getting out. The theory behind this, of course, is to keep the goldbricks out and the convalescents in, but in practice you find that you've got to be a mighty sick soldier to be sent to the wards and that you practically have to turn handsprings, sing in the showers, and start knotting your sheets together before you're let out. While there, you are given the kind of treatment that is calculated to cure you in a hurry, inasmuch as the government doesn't get its money's worth out of a sick soldier. At the same time you are constantly reminded of the ancient adage that there are always three ways of doing something: the right way, the wrong way, and the Army way.

My initiation into the life of an invalid in the Army proceeded smoothly enough. Suffering from an attack of pleurisy, I gave my vital statistics and serial number three times to as many inquisitors at the entrance to the station hospital in my camp, and was tottering away to bed in the wake of an orderly when I noticed we were entering a wing marked "Ward L—Isolated." Since my ailment was not contagious I stopped him and suggested that there must be some mistake. "Look, Bud," he said wearily. "The joint is full. We got to put you guys in here. You want we should rebuild the hospital just for you?"

I spent the next week and a half in the isolation ward, and although none of the other inmates, as far as I could learn, were suffering from contagious diseases, we were never permitted to receive visitors. It didn't make much sense, but most of us had been in the Army long enough to know better than to protest. We simply christened our ward the Leper Colony and let it go at that.

Ward L turned out to be a one-story wooden building consisting of a number of private cubicles for officers and a single big room, containing about twenty beds arranged in parallel rows, for the rest of us. An enclosed porch at one end held four additional beds. The entrance to the ward was at the end opposite the porch, and it was there that I was assigned a bed and transformed into a patient. In the Army, this process is a matter of exchanging your trim regulation

uniform for a pair of pajamas cut from cloth that would be serviceable for a schooner's sails and tailored to fit a man with a roly-poly torso and abnormally long legs. You are then issued a magenta dressing gown with the letters "MD USA," generally regarded as an abbreviation for "Many Die, U Shall Also," embroidered on the pocket. This melancholy garment, which lacks both cord and buttons, must be worn whenever you are out of bed, the accepted way being to clutch it together in front with the left hand. Sandals, not unlike the espadrilles once in vogue among French housewives, are also provided. If it does nothing else, this exchange of uniforms impresses you with the reality of your transition from soldier to patient. Before we were through, we of Ward L probably felt this transition even more than most of the men in the hospital inasmuch as we were left to ourselves more than the others.

IN the Army you grow so accustomed to having your waking hours organized for you that being sent to a hospital

is something like getting a day off in the middle of the week. To have time on your hands all of a sudden is intoxicating and not a little bewildering. Filling these empty hours, of course, became something of a problem. We could, and did, read all printed matter within reach—a hodgepodge which would have given anyone with even the most catholic tastes acute literary indigestion. I remember that a Puerto Rican cook named Santos, who, we understood, had scored a minus four on his I.Q. test by missing all the questions and adding four of his own that he couldn't answer, read straight through a Granville Hicks novel, and I recall that my own reading on a certain morning ran a kind of gamut from *Smash Comics* to the *New Republic* via Elliot Paul, Damon Runyon, and *Peek*. Among enlisted men, incidentally, all printed matter is conveniently referred to as a book. The roto section of the *Mirror* is a book; so is *Peek*.

The radio was, in a sense, our other principal pastime, although it was actually more of an incessant obligato to whatever else was going on. At first, newcomers would complain about it, but since no one ever made a move to turn it off everybody gradually adapted himself to the daily calendar of calisthenics,



"For goodness sake, what is that—a hose?"

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soap operas, ball games, comedians and swing. Toward the end, I think that had I been deprived of this accompaniment the silence would have buzzed in my ears, but there were times when I fought back by vowing never to buy a suit at Barney's, never to smoke a Pall Mall, and never to massage my gums with Ipana.

Besides the loudspeaker which served the entire ward, each bed was equipped with a set of earphones for those addicts too far gone to bear any silence whatsoever; as soon as the lights and loudspeaker were switched off at nine, these incurables would clasp on their earphones to catch the laugh programs. For a while there would be only the rustle of sheets and the sound of breathing in the darkness. Then, like a thunder-clap, the simultaneous laughter of a dozen patients would shatter the night and frighten the drowsy. And then quiet again, until the next gag. The only recourse for a light sleeper was to reach wearily for his own set of earphones and join the eerie chorus.

Our remaining diversions were sporadic distributions of mail and fruit juice, visits by the doctor, and meals. The juice was either pineapple, grape, or orange, or all three mixed, depending on the orderly's whim, and it invariably drew forth the comment from at least one of my wardmates, "See what the boys in the back room will have." The humor, such as it was, lay in the fact that the boys in the back room, or enclosed porch, had no choice in the matter, but got the fruit juice along with the rest of us.

The doctor's visits were brief but eagerly awaited. He alone had the power to discharge us, and if he passed our beds with no more than a nod or a smile our hearts sank, for we knew that yet another day of confinement stretched ahead like a desert mile. Our doctor was an affable young lieutenant whom we addressed as "Sir" and at whose approach we stood up if we were well enough to be out of bed. In civilian life you do what your doctor tells you because he's supposed to know what's best; in the Army you do it also because he's your superior officer. If you don't like what he prescribes, that's just too bad but, on the other hand, he doesn't top it off with a bill.

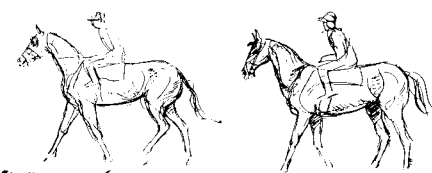
Meals came at odd hours, even for the Army. Nobody minded breakfast at seven, but lunch at eleven and supper at four sort of threw the day off balance. It made the evening so long that by bedtime you felt like having some breakfast. Needless to say, the reason behind

these mealtimes, if a reason existed, was never explained to us.

The hospital day began with the gentle but insistent pressure of a thermometer against your teeth accompanied by a singsong "Good morning" from an Army nurse. If you had any pulse left after ten hours sleep, that too was taken and tabulated. Next came breakfast, immediately after which the fact that we were still soldiers was brought to our attention with the abruptness of a tug on a leash. Brooms and mops appeared from a closet and those of us able to do so would go to work on the floor. A clean sheet was then given to each patient to be substituted for the most wrinkled one of the pair he had slept in. After that everybody lay down and recuperated.

WE were a variegated group in Ward L and it took me a day or two to get acquainted. A bleached and uncommunicative negro occupied the bed on my left and I had presumably occupied it for quite some time, as he antedated everyone else in the ward. That was going some, for we had plenty of old-timers around, like the fellow with a collapsed lung out on the porch. Over in the corner was a pale, poker-faced youth who was pretty much of a nonentity until the night he had what he suspected was an appendicitis attack. Three or four excited young Medical Corps doctors rushed in with flashlights and they all took turns poking and prodding him and whispering together. Their shadows were big and weird along the walls and ceiling, and those of us who woke up were much impressed. The attack, however, was a false alarm and the next morning everybody had forgotten about it except the patient and a couple of the young physicians who hovered around for a while, apparently kind of hoping that something of the sort would happen again. It didn't.

In another of the cots was a Chinese boy we called Chan, which may or may not have been his name. Chan, I was told, suffered from jaundice, although I thought this was a joke and would not believe it until I saw that his eyeballs blended nicely with his skin. Chan was a quiet lad whose passion was a jigsaw puzzle to which he devoted all his waking hours. At night, when he had



the thing about half done, he would scoop it all back into its box and start again from scratch the next morning.

Chan's neighbor was the ward aesthete, a young Jewish corporal named Abramson who was convalescing from bronchitis. His bedside table was littered with a number of slender books of poetry, which he would read to himself in a whispered undertone. Once, when he had come upon an especially moving verse, he passed it to a florid old tech sergeant in an adjacent cot. "Read that," I heard him say. "It's priceless." Abramson watched intently while the sergeant took the book, removed his earphones, adjusted his spectacles, propped himself up on one elbow, read the verse in question, took off his spectacles, clamped on his earphones, and lay down again. Abramson never again tried out poetry on him.

Across the aisle from my bed was a young, fat-faced, rheumatic-fever convalescent whose military career had been, I imagine, unique, having consisted of two days at a reception centre, seven months A.W.O.L., and three weeks as a prisoner in the hospital. This record was to be embellished upon his recovery by a few months in the guard-house, and he seemed to be in no hurry to get well. His medical instructions were to stay in bed, but he violated them daily, and each morning the doctor would rebuke him for getting up. "You're not feeble-minded, are you?" he would demand. The lad always replied in the negative but he never changed his habits, and when the doctor left the room he would wink at his guard, a stolid, red-faced character whose task it was to keep one eye on the rheumatic kid and the other on a second prisoner, a fellow named Dubowski. The guard carried a .45 and a night stick and spent the day wandering up and down the ward until an equally stolid, red-faced buddy relieved him in the afternoon. I think that both the guards, to whom sickness was probably as alien as a minuet, were a little awed in the presence of disease. They stared at us with curiosity and answered our questions in hushed, respectful voices, as though we were officers.

When they were not strolling, the guards spent their time absorbed in the pages of a copy of *Close-Up*, a picture magazine dedicated to the two inches of flesh directly above the hem of a pretty girl's stocking. One of the periodical's attractions was a two-page study of a co-ed so intent upon her cramming that in the course of her intellectual contortions she had managed to squirm out

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of most of her skirt and all but a few stitches of her sweater. This feature was a favorite of the guards, and no "book" in the ward was more dog-eared than that copy of *Close-Up*.

The prisoner named Dubowski had developed boils while serving time in the guardhouse. He was a very friendly fellow who introduced himself by leaping onto my bed one morning and offering to teach me three-card monte. Partly because I felt too weak to protest and partly to humor him, I consented, unaware that by this gesture I would become his protégé and confidant. He not only taught me three-card monte but also in the course of the next few days initiated me into the finer points of red dog, knock rummy, and a form of poker called seven-card, high-low, up-and-down-the-river, with aces and deuces wild. These games were exhausting, for Dubowski was so full of animal spirits that he could not resist cuffing me with his paws between deals. To quiet him, I would ask him questions about his life, six months of which he had spent over the hill, followed by five in the guardhouse. Prior to his induction into the Army his life, as far as I could make out, had been largely a succession of evenings spent in the company of hot numbers at Ted's, a tavern about seven miles outside of Binghamton, New York. That Ted's was still going strong I learned from Dubowski's letters, which he painstakingly read aloud to me. All his correspondents were girls who spent their days in war plants and their nights at Ted's, and all were eloquent in describing last night's debauch and this morning's hangover. Dubowski's eyes glowed with nostalgia as they travelled over the stationery and sympathetic chuckles would rise in his throat at any mention of alcoholic malaise.

One day Dubowski received a letter from his mother saying that after thirty-two years of married life she was divorcing his father. He told me about it briefly and then went over and lay down on his bed and stared at the ceiling. He did not even bother to drink his fruit juice. The time was propitious, I decided, for a quick nap; later I would go over and say something consoling, and maybe find that a new and subdued Dubowski had emerged from this emotional crisis. It was a foolish hope. In ten minutes Dubowski was back with a roar, pummeling me goodnaturedly, and we played seven-up the rest of the morning.

AS time dragged on, we welcomed any interruption in the daily routine. A blood count was an event; the

victim, frowning thoughtfully out of the window as his blood trickled into the vial, could always be sure of having an intensely curious audience. Visits from the Red Cross were something special, too. Twice a week a young matron with a Red Cross uniform and a Junior League accent breezed in with a stack of Bingo cards, and we'd all play fast and furious Bingo as long as her prizes held out, which was about half an hour. I got to thinking of Bingo and the Red Cross as being almost synonymous until one afternoon when I woke from a nap to find a little old lady in the organization's uniform standing beside my bed. Two frayed strands of heavy Manila rope hung limply from her hands, and she smiled at me.

"Would you like to do a rope trick?" she asked softly.

"No, thank you," I replied. "Not now."

Then she went away and I resumed my nap. I never saw her again.

In spite of these diversions, life in Ward L gradually lost its savor, and as soon as I was able to move about I began to explore. Since one had to have a pretext to leave the ward I would walk out, ostentatiously flipping a coin and murmuring something about a phone call. I always returned within an hour, that being the maximum time for which I was prepared to concoct a plausible alibi of busy signals, wrong numbers, and long-distance calls. The fact that I was allowed to leave at all confirmed my suspicion that ours was an isolation ward in name only.

Mostly I went to Ward G, where two of my friends were incarcerated and where visitors were permitted in the afternoons. The visitors, I soon discovered, fell into two categories—the casuals and the regulars. The casuals were mostly giggling girls in their Sunday finery who had never been inside an Army hospital before. They were the tourists and we returned their stares with hostility. The regulars were those who came every day and stayed until the evening deadline. Among these was a merry Italian couple who never missed a chance of visiting their soldier son. They always brought along three or four daughters and their *bambini*, and the whole ward echoed with peals of happy laughter as the members of the family installed themselves around their pride and joy, which often meant spilling onto the adjoining beds, whether occupied at the moment or not.

Nearby, a seedy young technician, fourth grade, would be entertaining a party of girl friends. I was person-

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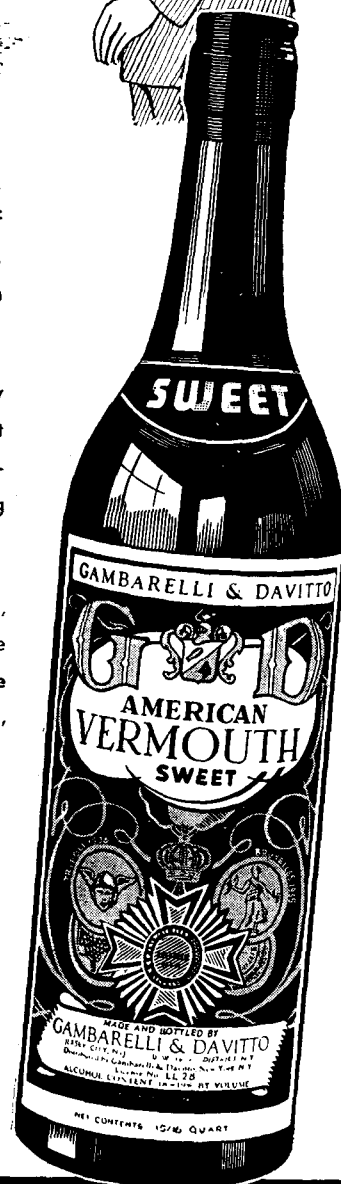


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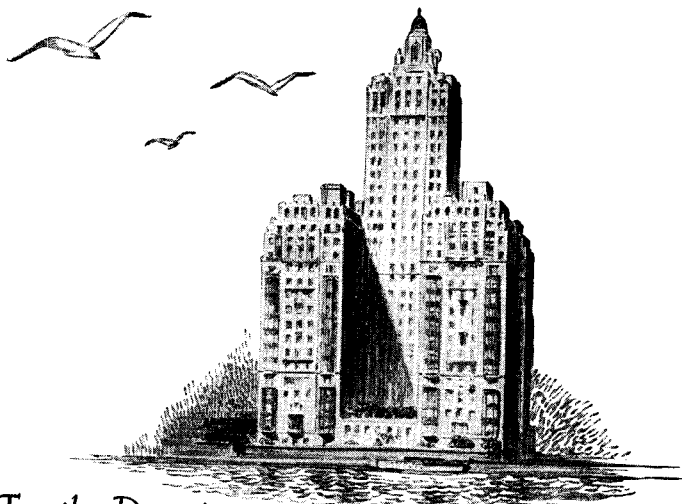
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ally never able to comprehend his charm but it must have been magnetic, for not an afternoon passed that he did not have at least three and sometimes five lively young women perched on his bed, tweaking his toes and messing up his hair. The girls seemed to have some sort of understanding among them, for they all would kiss him goodbye when the time came and depart in a chummy group.

But toward the end even the distraction of watching the visitors in Ward G began to pall, and as my convalescence progressed I found myself living in a kind of limbo between the doctor's rounds. Finally word came that I had been discharged, and there was envy in the eyes of those I left behind as I put on my wrinkled uniform and checked out. A couple of men there, who had heart trouble and were waiting to be discharged not only from the hospital but from the Army, would never march in uniform again, and I think their eyes were the most envious of the lot.

On my way out I glanced around once more, half hoping to see my gentle little lady from the Red Cross with the two strands of rope. Perhaps I shall find her again one day in some field hospital on the other side of the world. I hope I do. For if she still has her ropes and asks me to do a trick, this time I'll answer, "Yes, ma'am, thank you." And I'll take her ropes and do a trick with them.

—SGT. WILLIAM MACCONNELL

INSIDE DARKEST INTERNAL REVENUE

[A form letter, so help us, from the Treasury Department]

GENTLEMEN:

Reference is made to your capital stock tax return, Form 707, for the year ended June 30, 1940.

Although exemption from the tax is claimed on the ground that you were not carrying on or doing business, the evidence required in support of the claim has not been submitted. The claim is therefore rejected for lack of evidence. Since there is no capital stock tax due on the basis of the value reported for your capital stock, the return has been closed.

No further action on your part is necessary unless you desire to have your claim for exemption reconsidered, in which event the evidence required by the regulations and instructions on the return, Form 707, should be furnished to this office.

By direction of the Commissioner.

Respectfully,

D. S. BLISS.

Deputy Commissioner.

cc-Customhouse, New York.

New York.

MT : CST : 405

(Rev. 1939)

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Local Boy



JOHN HUSTON, though American and much thinner than Alfred Hitchcock, is a master of the same sort of creepy technique that the ample English director is noted for. Beginning last year with "The Maltese Falcon," Mr. Huston has run up a string of two straight thrillers which have all the flavor of the English product, plus the extra zing that lies in the fact that his alert, resourceful heroes are also Americans. As it happens, all these heroes have so far been Humphrey Bogart, who figured in the affair of the falcon and is now the star of the second Huston hair-raiser, "Across the Pacific." Mary Astor is another repeater, and so is Sydney Greenstreet, a man the size of two Alfred Hitchcocks at the current rate of exchange.

In "Across the Pacific," Warner Brothers takes its raps at the Japanese, the plot being concerned with an attempt by the little people to blow up the Panama Canal. Mr. Bogart, representing Warner Brothers, suffers a terrible beating around the face and ears, as he did in "The Maltese Falcon," but keeps on swinging. Miss Astor plays the part of a lady enigma again, and Mr. Greenstreet is still with the forces of evil. He is a member of the quietly sinister school and unquestionably one of the most successful ogres of today. Monte Blue, an old-timer, turns up as a dipsomaniac going to hell in the Canal Zone. He's a real mess. Chinese actors, as usual, play the rôles of Japanese spies, which is very decent of them. They do well, at that, especially Mr. Sen Yung as an over-Americanized Jap with a liking for jive. On the whole, the picture's pace is what pleases most. Without going altogether beyond the bounds of likelihood, things happen fast and often.

SINCE making documentary motion pictures has come to be a wartime fad, maybe this department ought to register a few complaints and set the entire industry, including the United States government, on the right track once and for all. The government, or at least the Office of War Information, has just produced a sixty-six-minute document called "The World at War," which is a kind of cross

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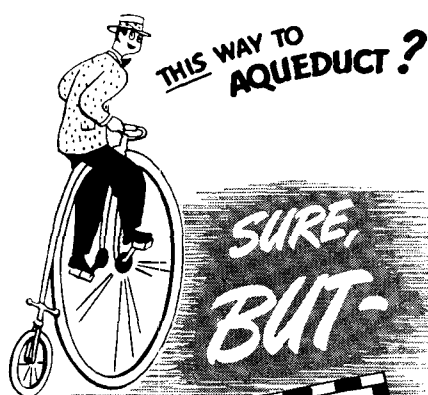
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between Artkino's "Moscow Strikes Back" and Twentieth Century-Fox's "United We Stand." In common with the former, it has a number of battle scenes; with the latter, a collection of historical newsreel shots; and with both, a commentary which is calculated to point out the heavy significance of what you're looking at.

The main trouble is that the commentator dummies up when you need him most. You are shown a plane going down in smoke over Dunkerque, but you don't know whose it is or what hit it. The only conclusion you can draw is that there are certain hazards attached to wartime flying. At another point you see a piece of heavy artillery in action, but if you hanker to know what it's aimed at, you can just go ahead and hanker. There seems to be a theory that the mere sight of something going bang is enough, that a camera view of a fighting front is all the thrill you can stand. Well, the camera doesn't lie, as the old saw has it, but it doesn't necessarily say much. It's true that the OWI, having at its disposal certain German and Japanese films that were made before we went to war, has a slight edge over private enterprise in this documentary business, but it doesn't use the advantage to any crushing effect.

As for the newsreel shots, they are used to teach a moral that is not unfamiliar. Mussolini is once more shown launching the Ethiopian Campaign, and Chamberlain once more signs the Munich Pact. Appeasement, you see, is a Bad Thing. —DAVID LARDNER

Born—To Marguerite Rankin Burton a second daughter named for her mother, now about nine months old.—*Dana Hall Bulletin*.

Itty-bitty Dwandma!

QUESTION—I would like information on the removal of scratches in a maroon bathtub, made by shoes. G.W.F. Malverne.

ANSWER—Nothing can be done. The scratches are permanent.—*The Sun*.

What's more, the *habit* is probably permanent.

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[Hedda Hopper in the Boston Herald]

His whole family is made up of newspaper folks, but he'd only stick out a newspaper job six months at a time, and when wanderlust overcame him, would go off anywhere for excitement. He once worked for the Boston Herald.

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THE YELLOW FARMHOUSE

BOB HARRIS stood up on the pedals of his bicycle to pump himself up the hill. "One, *two*, one, *two*," he counted to himself to make the going easier. He was a full-faced young man in his early twenties. He had started out from Ipswich. Halfway up the slope he got off and walked, leaning on the handlebars and breathing hard.

At the top of the hill he saw a yellow New England farmhouse set well back from the road and almost hidden by several large trees and lilac bushes in the front yard. He walked over to the side of the road and stood under one of the trees, balancing his bicycle against his side. He took a handkerchief out of the back pocket of his damp gray flannels and ran it over his face and neck, but the rubbing made him hotter. When the front wheel of his bicycle suddenly swerved and the bike crashed into the road, he looked at it, then at the house, and finally he put the bike back on its wheels and pushed it up the dirt road that ran past the side door of the house. He left it by the wooden steps and knocked at the door. A dog barked and a woman's voice called out, "Who's there? That you, Pa?"

"I was wondering," Bob called, "if you could let me have a drink of water?"

The dog barked louder and Bob could hear claws scratch as the dog jumped against the inside of the door. He turned away and was picking up his bicycle again when the door opened and a young woman in a bright-flowered house dress stepped out, holding a large, blunt-nosed collie by the collar.

"Oh," she said. "Oh well, all right, come on in." She turned and walked back into the house, dragging the growling collie after her. Bob laid his bike down and followed her, taking both of the steps in one hop. "Just go on into the kitchen, there," the woman said when they got as far as the living room, nodding toward an open door. "I'll be back soon as I shut Rex up. He doesn't like strangers."

Bob looked around the living room, at the stiff, upholstered red chairs with crocheted tidies on the arms and backs, at the small cactus growing out of a china dog that stood on a round table by the front window, and at the shiny maple cradle filled with logs and pine

cones, at one side of the open fireplace. Then he went into the kitchen and sat down on one of the four chairs that were placed around an enamel-top table in the centre of the room.

The woman came back almost immediately. "Hot today, isn't it?" she said as she walked over to the big iron sink. Taking a glass from the window sill above it, she let the water run for a moment and then filled the glass and handed it to Bob. He had stood up when she came into the kitchen, but now, as she perched herself on the table near him, he pulled a chair around to face her and sat down again.

"Terribly," he said. "I don't know why I ever picked today to go for a ride." He emptied the glass and put it down on the table.

"Like another?" she asked.

"Thanks," he said. He got up and filled his glass again at the sink.

"Going far?"

"I guess I'm about ready to turn back," he said. "But I wasn't going anywhere much in particular. I'm just up here on my vacation and I thought I'd look around."

"You don't live here?" she asked.

"No, New York. I work in New York."

"Gee," she said. "New York. It must be awfully dead up here for you after New York."

"No," he said, "I like it. I like to get away from New York when I can."

She looked at him again, considering his remark. "I've never been there," she said. "Paul and I were going there on our honeymoon, only—well, we didn't."

Bob looked around at the big kitchen—the coal stove, the gingham curtains at the windows, and the electric icebox. "It's nicer here," he said. "Really it is. You haven't missed a thing."

"We'd have gone," she said, "only we got married quick on account of Paul's going into the Army."

"I do defense work," Bob said.

"That's what Paul should have done. That's what I kept telling him. He could have, too, at Portsmouth. Everyone around here works there." She slid off the table and pointed to the red checked curtains. "See them," she said. "I made them myself, after he went." She led him into the living room. "And I bought *them* in Salem," she said, point-

ing to the lace curtains in the windows. "I bought them, after Paul went." She led him into the bedroom, a large, bright room with rambler roses on the wall-paper. The double bed was covered with a patchwork quilt and there were two light-blue rocking chairs and a blue dressing table with a chintz skirt on it. The dressing table was covered with powder boxes and cold-cream jars, one or two perfume bottles, and a scattering of hairpins. "And in here," she explained, "I painted the furniture all myself, only Pa mixed the paint for me. Pa's doing both farms while Paul's away."

"That's nice," Bob said. "The furniture, I mean. It's a pretty color, I think."

"I think so too," she said. "I love blue, don't you?"

"Yes," Bob said. "Well, I guess I'd better go. I have to get back to Ipswich before it gets dark, and—"

"Oh, no, please don't," she said. "I haven't shown you nearly all the things I've done for Paul. It makes it easier for him, you know, to have a home to think about and everything." Bob nodded. "And you know why else I did it?" she asked. "I'll tell you why. I did it because I miss him so. It's a fact." She flicked a speck of dust off the arm of the sofa. "You see, we haven't been married very long, or anything."

"I'm awfully sorry," Bob said, and both the words and his voice sounded foolish to him. Apparently the woman didn't hear. She was looking past him at the room, as if she were waiting for the chairs, the maple cradle, and the new curtains she had bought in Salem, to speak up in a chorus and give her the reassurance she needed. When he turned suddenly and went outside, she didn't follow him. He had rather thought she would.

—FRANCES C. ALEXANDER

CAGED FAWN

He grazes daintily, with liquid eyes
That seldom look at watchers staring in,
And after lunch he drowns where he
lies,
Ignoring all the human talk and din.

He sees with neither interest nor alarm
That there are people crowding all
about;

He knows that he is safe from any
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—GERALD RAFTERY



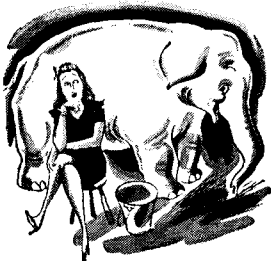
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THE RACE TRACK

Boeing Bomber

IT would have been excusable if Devil's Thumb had lost in the Hopeful at Saratoga last weekend. After overcoming the same sort of pushing around that he was given in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes the previous Saturday, he nearly got into trouble again when his rider, McCreary, suffered one of those baffling lapses of judgment jockeys sometimes have and started to take things easy. The whole business turned out all right in the last furlong, however, and Devil's Thumb won rather easily.

I think that if I had anything to do with it, and perhaps it's just as well I haven't, I'd call the recent Saratoga races the Devil's Thumb Meeting. That colt of W. E. Boeing's won five out of six famous sweepstakes there, missing in the Flash, but then taking the United States Hotel, Saratoga Sales, Sanford, Grand Union, and Hopeful in his stride—to say nothing of \$62,875 in prize money. Poring over the records, the three little men with beards who do my checking up report that only one other two-year-old ever did as well at Saratoga. That was Maedic, who in 1936 won the Flash, Saratoga Sales, Sanford, Grand Union, and Hopeful. The two-year-olds were a poor lot that season. As a matter of fact, even Maedic gave up winning races after that.

I'll make no prediction that Devil's Thumb will meet the same fate. He'll rest for a fortnight, and then probably come out for the Cowdin at Aqueduct, in which he may meet Occupation, who almost everybody still keeps saying is the best two-year-old. Unfortunately, Devil's Thumb isn't in The Futurity at Belmont Park. In case you're starting a collection of tips on that race as early as this, Count Fleet's stable thinks he's a sure thing to beat Occupation.

I HESITATE to mention the Saratoga Cup. It wouldn't have been anything to cheer about even if Whirlaway hadn't popped off down to Jersey to pick up an easy \$8,500 in the Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park. Obviously, his absence encouraged half a dozen eligibles who had been hiding behind bales of hay, and the race had the largest field in seven years. This sort of thing, it must be admitted, calls for readjustment of the general idea of what constitutes a cup race. Since everyone has

become so used to the old-fashioned two- and three-horse kind, it might be better to begin all over again and call the new brand something entirely different. This year's Cup, at any rate, could have been called a consolation event for animals who have won practically nothing.



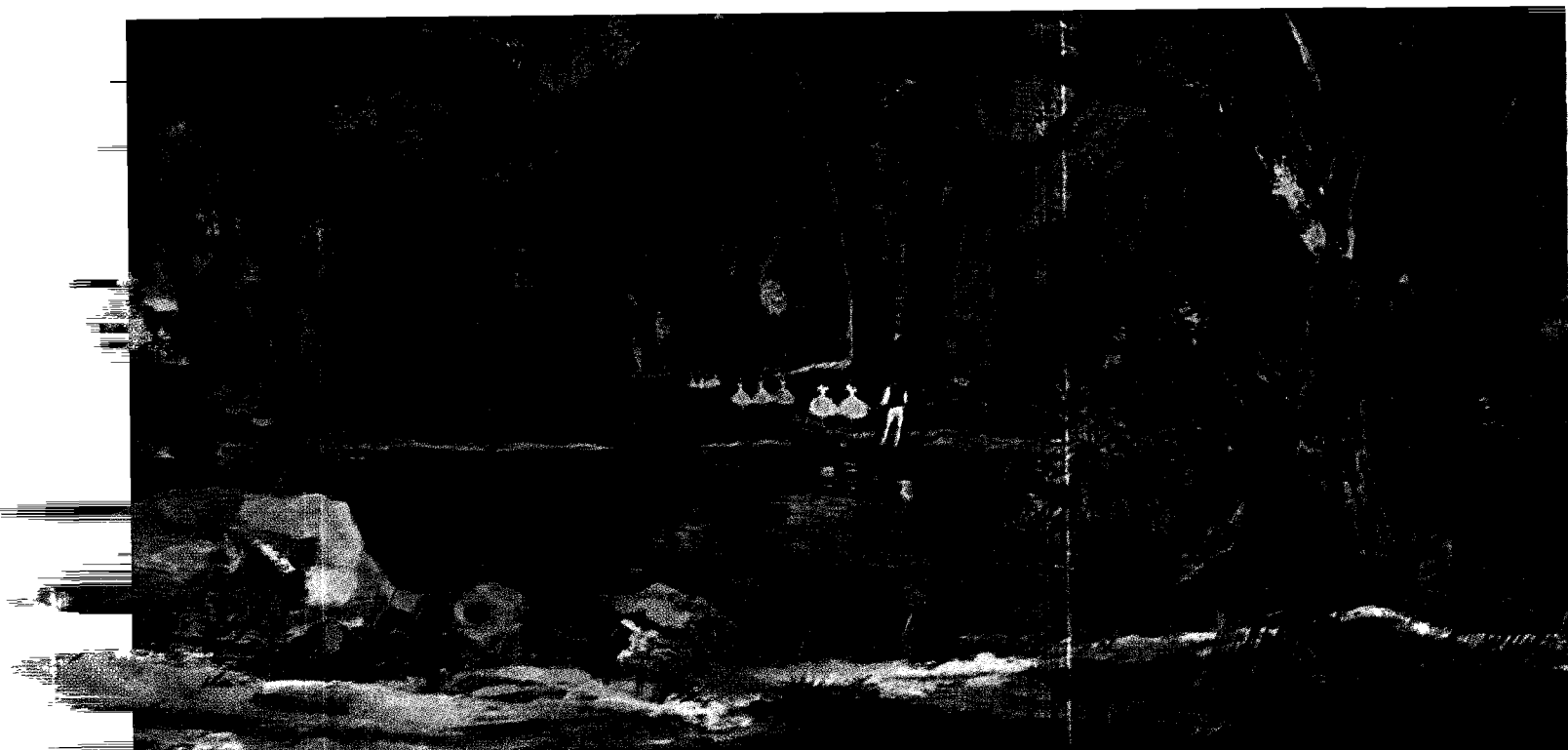
Bolingbroke, who brought off a 12-1 chance in it, hadn't finished better than third in two seasons, while Trierarch, who was second, had won only once in his life. Lots of people were a little sorry for Pomayya before the race. She seemed too frail to run a mile and three quarters with 121 pounds on her back, they said. Don't ask what they said after she finished last.

NOW we're back again at Aqueduct for a long stay in town. There will be racing at the Queens County Jockey Club course until September 19th, and after that there will be three weeks of it at Belmont Park. I expect that the runners for the Babylon Handicap this weekend will include Devil's Luck, Very Snooty, Ocean Blue, who was second in the Hopeful, and Noonday Sun, who, I fancy, is the best of the Manhasset-Greentree two-year-olds. I wouldn't be surprised to see Vagrancy out for the Aqueduct Handicap on Labor Day.

APPARENTLY, Alsab has come back to his best form, and what's left of the season will be the more interesting because of that. From all accounts, he made short work of the half-dozen other three-year-olds in the American Derby at Chicago last Saturday, running With Regards and Valdina Orphan dizzy, and then going on to win by lengths. Now he intends to take on Whirlaway in the Washington Park Handicap next week. My guess is that Whirlaway will have to show some improvement over the way he ran against Rosetown the other day to be better than second. —AUDAX MINOR

Mix the two playlets in any fashion and it's still Saroyan, indicating that the Coast author, whom some critics call brilliant, is one of the most confusing writers of the day. Author, who is his own backer, stager, etc., plans a series of shows of his own plans a series of shows of his own. —Variety.

He is confusing, isn't he?



Lac des Cygnes (Swan Lake), by Tchaikowsky, interpreted by Bernard Lamotte for the Capehart Collection. This was Tchaikowsky's first ballet, produced in St. Petersburg in 1876, and tells of the romance of the young Prince and a Princess who, under a sorcerer's spell, assumed the form of a swan. Reprints of previous paintings in the Capehart Collection, suitable for framing, are now available from your Capehart dealer at a modest charge. Or write direct to Capehart

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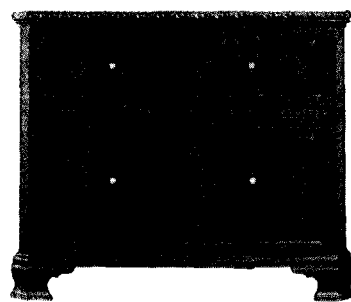
The laboratories and the vast factories of the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation now are devoted to building war matériel only. Production of the Capehart and the Capehart-Panamuse has ceased, and only in dealers' showrooms are there any of these

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"But lately I've learned these things: that kitchen fats make glycerine, and glycerine makes the powder charge that drives millions of shells from the guns of the United Nations.

"I'm told that a single pound of kitchen grease will make two anti-aircraft shells. So you can bet that not one drop of waste fat in my house ever goes down the drain. Instead, I send it back to my meat dealer—and on its way to the war. I'm making it a wartime habit—are you?"

Helen Hayes

"Take it to your meat dealer," says Miss Hayes, "after you've collected a pound or more. He is co-operating patriotically, and will pay you for your fats and start them on their way to the war. But help him by delivering early in the week."



How do you save it? In the kitchen of her Nyack, New York, home Helen Hayes shows some visiting sailors. Every kind of waste kitchen fat—after you've got the cooking good from it—is strained into a clean, wide-mouthed can. Bacon grease, drippings, used vegetable shortening—everything. Don't use glass or paper bags. Keep in a cool, dark place.

SAVE WASTE FATS



TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES

BOOKS

"Dacey Hamilton"



ASKED to name the quality most infrequently found in current fiction I should reply, "Good sense." Perhaps it is only to be expected that novelists who wish to reflect our era should be attracted by the whole range of the eccentric, from sheer madness to mere crotchets. Or perhaps literary influences lie back of the decline of good sense, for the exuberances of Joyce, Lawrence & Co. have deflected us far from the middle path of the nineteenth-century masters. Whatever the cause, a novel both imaginative and sensible is hard to come by.

Good sense at any time is not too familiar in fiction. Indeed, its appearance often strikes us as something almost bizarre, and then we call it wit. The wittiest of English novelists (I mean Jane Austen) compels our admiration not through epigram or paradox but simply by the exact justice of her comment on ordinary human nature. It is wrong to call this comment clever. Is there not something a little irrelevant about cleverness, astounding us as it does by the brilliant originality with which it just barely misses the point? And is not Jane Austen always relevant, always sensible?

Something of her genius, something of that delicate good sense, steering a middle course between the attitudes of the arty writer and the platitudes of the popular one, I find in "Dacey Hamilton," by Dorothy Van Doren.

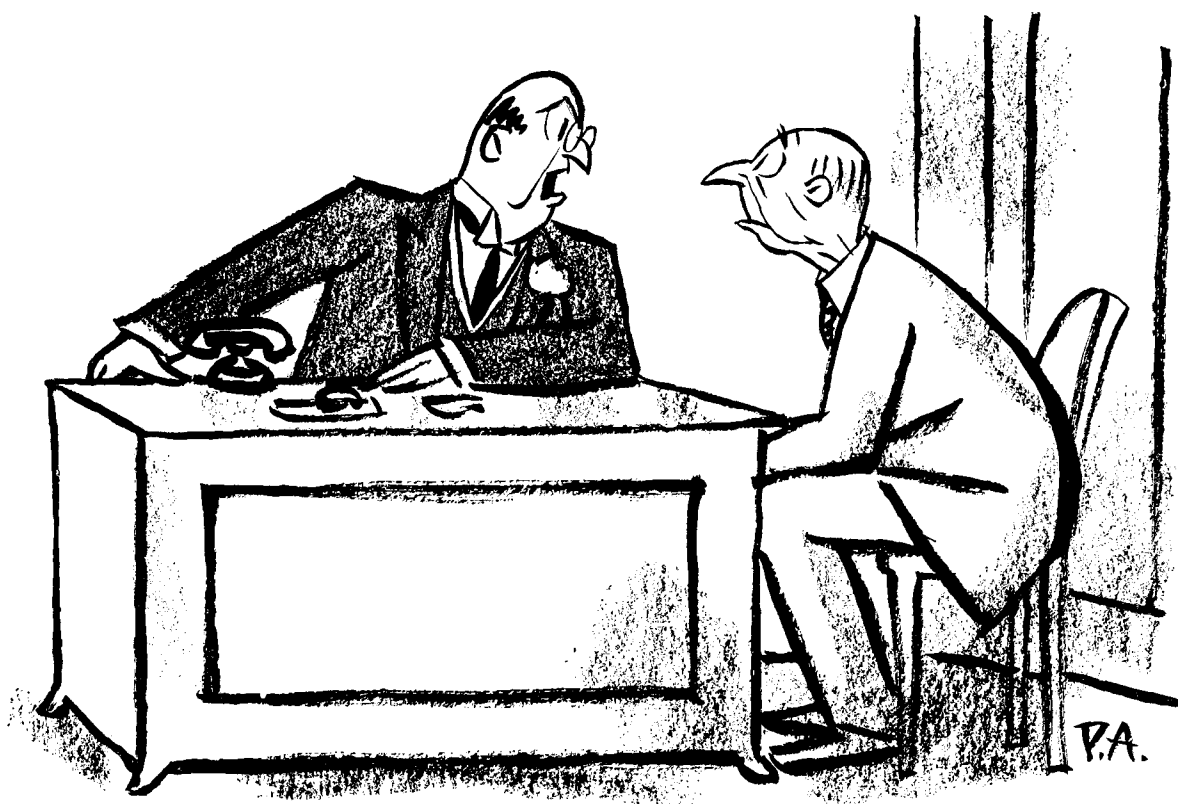
The core of this novel is an unusual but not impossible situation. At fifteen, Dacey Hamilton is mesmerized into a weird marriage with the superb egotist Thatcher Hamilton, who needs her as a permanent model for his Correggion portraits. She lives with him in Honolulu, almost in a trance, bearing his children but excluded from his emotional life, which centres in her good-

looking mother, Julie Fenn. After Thatcher's death, Dacey comes to New York and finds herself adrift with five small children to provide for. She is helped by Urian Oakes, a reporter (on the old *World*, I should venture) whose life, like Dacey's, has been maimed. But his wound is physical, for he is lame. The story—a kind of *Sleeping-Beauty-à-deux* motif—flows out of Oakes' attempt to cure Dacey of the emotional paralysis that is her heritage from her marriage and her attempt to cure him of his conviction of his inferiority. Both attempts are successful, and it is a tribute to Mrs. Van Doren's perfect justness of feeling that we accept with pleasure what in a more conventional book we would lightly deride as a happy ending.

Like most wounded people, Oakes and Dacey are odd. But they are also credible, they are also reasonably similar to the rest of us. Hardly less admirable are the portraits of the other characters: Dacey's eldest son, Tommy, a rarity in fiction, for he is a child both good and interesting; Dacey's selfish, pitiful mother, mastered by her unsettling devotion to the memory of her late son-in-law; Thatcher himself, who dominates the story by force of mortmain; the dip-

somaniac Josh Moody and his prim Boston wife; and various types drawn from the newspaper and Greenwich Village worlds of the period. Nothing outré, but also nothing cliché. The manner, too, in which Mrs. Van Doren handles the situation presented by the five children is a model of perception. She plays it neither for easy comedy nor for its sentimental values. The freakish household is made real, diverting, and touching.

The period is re-created with calm irony. Making due allowances, it seems much like our own: the same isolationists, either stupid or cleverly skating on the thin ice of treason; the same uncertainty about moral issues and values; the same German will to dominate, at that time called Kaiserism; rationing and dimouts and bomb-raid scares; and a thousand minute details that parallel those of our own sad day and afford a pleasure of recollection tinged with ruefulness. One event, however, still seeks its analogue—the armistice, to the description of which the author devotes pages that may bring moisture to the eyes of many Americans over thirty-five. Mrs. Van Doren is not, except incidentally, writing a period novel. But she understands how a proper illumina-

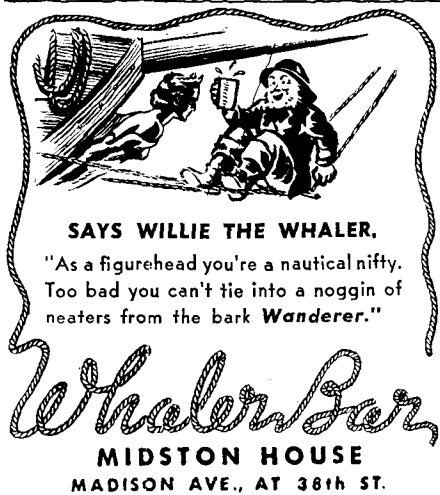


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tion of period can enhance the kind of novel she is writing—the novel of character.

"Dacey Hamilton" will not influence other novelists or be fought over by editorial writers. It is merely a maturely meditated work of fiction in which good sense and fine feeling blend to produce a story that you begin with a start of interest and end with a sigh of satisfaction. Of how many current novels can this be said?

LUDWIG BEMELMANS remarks, "I live the way William Saroyan thinks people live, and it's not so funny off the stage." Waiving the question of whether it's so darn funny *on* the stage, we might advance the notion that if we must have Mr. Saroyan's people around, it would be best for all of them to be Ludwig Bemelmans.

This is apropos of "I Love You, I Love You, I Love You," a title the Saroyan himself would have given his brunet eyebrows to have thought of. "I Love You," ditto, ditto, consists of some assorted episodes, doubtless boldly re-decorated, extracted from the endless, casual files of Mr. Bemelmans' career, plus a few inventions. These sketches involve the consideration of such matters as the shrunken heads everyone thrust upon the author at Quito, the Normandie as she, alas, used to be, a girls' camp, and various shady characters whose vices turn to quaint comedy under the Bemelmans touch.

To tell the truth, none of the pieces is as successful as are those in his previous book "Small Beer." Here and there the fanciful note is forced and overfragile material is over-manipulated. As usual, a flock of absurd drawings complement the antic text, a portion of which has appeared in these pages.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SOUND OF AN AMERICAN, by David Ormsbee. This novel of the current war seems to have stimulated a number of the publisher's advance readers to a first-class frenzy. It is a lurid, fake-Hemingway affair about an American music critic who finds himself serving in the Maginot Line during the "phony" war. There are many "strong" scenes and torrid bedroom episodes that are almost certain to make a best-seller out of a clever job of sensationalism. This comment is intended as a warning.

GENTLEMAN RANKER, by John Jen-



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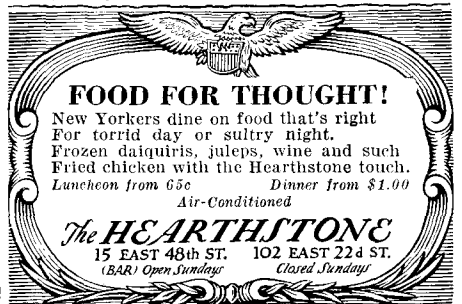
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nings. An American historical novel that deals with the first lap of the French and Indian War. While there is not as much action as we have come to expect in our historical novels—only one battle, one massacre, one escape from the Indians, etc.—the plot moves along in a lively enough narrative style, pleasantly unencumbered by forced local color. The real interest of the book, though, is in the author's clear presentation of a complicated and not too familiar bit of our Colonial history.

ONE BRAVER THING, by Cyril Harris.

If you want to learn about what happened to the Loyalists after the American Revolution, this may be your dish. (These are the same people we used to call Tories before novels began to be written about them.) The book is the almost day-by-day record of several expatriated families who settle in an uninhabited part of Nova Scotia in 1783. Nothing much happens and the story is little more than an account of the endurance and discouragements and hopes of a group of simplehearted men and women. Applicable, in a way, to the present-day type of refugees.

TIME TO BE BORN, by Dawn Powell.

The story of how a brutally egocentric career woman goes about getting what she wants, which is, quite simply, the whole earth. The book is enormously funny and the humor, which could easily have been an end in itself, manages to do some very neat blasting, not only of the stuffed shirts and careerists who are the main characters but of pretentiousness in general. The material is of the kind that lends itself to slick, urban writing, which the author avoids with a sort of mocking wisdom.

THE CUP AND THE SWORD, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. How a family of aristocratic French-American vineyardists in California came through the prohibition era with colors flying. Mrs. Hobart gives you a good idea of the development of American wineries. The narrative is cluttered up with far too many sisters and cousins and aunts.

GENERAL

THE RIDDLE OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT, by Robert Bendiner. This book makes a rather pat counter-irritant to much of the recent "How War Came," by Forrest Davis and Ernest K. Lindley. Those authors took a generally indulgent view of our foreign policy in the period before

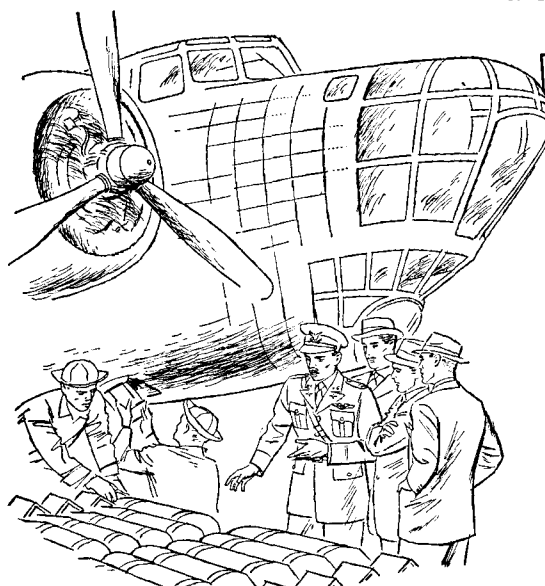
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December 7th. Mr. Bendiner, who is managing editor of the *Nation*, dissents. The State Department, he says, in its relations with Italy, Vichy, Japan, and so on, tried to play a kind of *Realpolitik* as obsolete as the Gatling gun, and, worse than that, failed at it. He reviews the structure and personnel of the Department and suggests some changes in administrative policy. By no means conclusive, but earnest, carefully written, and fairly well balanced.

BILLY MITCHELL, by Emile Gauvreau and Lester Cohen. Not properly a biography but a running account of the late General Mitchell's gallant, no-quarter battle with anybody and everybody who hindered the growth of American aviation. Nowadays, of course, he is accepted as a true prophet. Even so, you may be a little startled to observe just how eerily accurate he was in case after case. A dramatic and touching story, done in free-swinging journalese. Incorporates two chapters of material that may have been intended for the General's autobiography.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?, by Louis Adamic. Third installment in the author's valuable *Nation of Nations* Series, which has to do with the diverse ethnic backgrounds of Americans. This volume is about foreign-sounding names and the pickles people get into by changing or not changing them. The author suggests that if a few Cabots would become Kobotchniks (assuming, of course, that the Kobotchniks don't mind), things might look up. Perhaps not quite so solid as the earlier books, but a warm contribution to our national understanding.

THE WAR ON THE CIVIL AND MILITARY FRONTS, by Major-General G. M. Lindsay. One of the pioneer British advocates of tank warfare develops his views in a plainly written, well-organized study of blitzkrieg methods and the coordination of the home front. For some reason, there's very little about attack aviation, and the author appears to neglect the rôle of communications, a subject well dealt with in Murray Harris's recent "Lifelines of Victory."

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